THE ENGLISH REVIEW

VOLUME XXXVII

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1923

LONDON
18 BEDFORD SQUARE, W.C. 1

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE

ENGLISH REVIEW

Associates

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

JULY, 1923.

The "Reunion" of the Conservative Party.

IF persistency were in itself admirable, without reference to the object to which it is directed, the perseverance displayed by a section of the Press concerning an alleged need of "reuniting" the Conservative party would merit high praise. Certain scribes are never weary of urging the expediency, nay, the necessity, of admitting Mr. Austen Chamberlain, with Lord Birkenhead (not always mentioned, but usually implied) as a shadow attached to his steps, into the Ministry presided over by Mr. Baldwin.

The first and very obvious observation to be made upon this proposal is that it is wholly superfluous, seeing that the Conservative Party is to all intents and purposes perfectly united already. When the "Diehards"—worthily named after the regiment which shed its blood at Albuera—made their stand against the Irish surrender, while the rest of the Conservative Party failed to fulfil that duty, then indeed there was something in the nature of division, and therefore reunion would have been a word not wholly out of place. But in the General Election of last November that reunion was achieved. With but trifling exception, the entire Conservative Party voted solidly, and voted to one purpose. When the restoration of the unity of a party is mentioned, the apparent implication is that there exists in the country at large a body of voters who are estranged from their fellows. Where is that estranged body of Conservative electors? It is a chimera, a figment. It cannot be found.

What, if we think clearly, we shall really discover is, not a large number of alienated rank and file, but only two bitterly disappointed political leaders. The little boy

who multiplied two cats fighting in the garden into two hundred animals so engaged, furnishes the best analogy to the fables disseminated by Mr. Austen Chamberlain's journalistic friends. He and his ally, the ex-Lord Chancellor, form in reality the whole body whose re-admission to a Conservative Cabinet is supposed to be necessary to Conservative solidarity, and whose compulsory stay outside that comfortable fold is represented as constituting disunion. Where are the followers of these two gentlemen? Where is the organisation which they direct? They have perhaps one recognised disciple in Sir Robert Horne, but one swallow does not make a summer. For the rest, Mr. Chamberlain has no doubt some influence in Birmingham, inherited from the great father whose policy he has reversed, and whose principal life-work he has annulled. Yet the voters who have returned "this son" to Parliament sent him there as a supporter of the Conservative cause. Were he to oppose it, or were he again to be guilty of some manœuvre similar to that by which he dashed unionism out of existence, there is not the smallest reason to imagine that his constituents would approve his action. As for Lord Birkenhead, while his rare ability is recognised everywhere, his adherents in the constituencies are still to seek. He may possibly have some little *clientèle* at his native Liverpool, but to represent him as the leader of any considerable portion of the Conservative Party would be merely absurd. The very plain and simple truth is that, as regards any voting force behind them, both these politicians are altogether negligible.

But while this fact stares us in the face, the question might still be asked whether they possess any special qualities which render imperative their presence in the existing administration. In the past history of England, in "the great days done," there have occasionally arisen men like Chatham, or like Pitt, whose personalities radiated power and who, even if solitary, could never have been ignored. Are these two would-be re-unionists statesmen of that giant type, instinct with the character and the conviction which fire the soul of a nation and set its feet upon noble paths?

If it be on Mr. Chamberlain's performances as Chancellor of the Exchequer that the idea of his value is based,

let us recall the circumstance that, when he last filled that office, after first admitting the necessity and creating the expectation of a material reduction in the Excess Profits Duty, he then changed his mind and proceeded to increase it, to the consternation of the business world. This tax is acknowledged to have been nothing less than disastrous to British industry, and it is therefore responsible for a vast amount of unemployment. These facts hardly point to competence.

Let us next take an appraisement of Mr. Austen Chamberlain which appeared recently in *The Observer*, doubtless from the infallible pen of Mr. Garvin. That writer, who held a proud pre-eminence in "Our Pillory" last month, feels himself able to give precise guidance on all points to his readers. (That his guidance usually turns out to be wrong is merely a trifle.) This is what he says:

> **"But no offer was made to Mr. Austen Chamberlain, a statesman of famous name, of commanding character, of high debating power, of equal platform power, of administrative efficiency, of thirty years' experience."**

So many myths have been given currency in a portion of the Press in late years that even this wondrous legend of Mr. Chamberlain's greatness may perhaps, in Mr. Garvin's estimation, find some degree of public acceptance. What the editor of *The Observer* seems to forget is that we have passed at last from the epoch of political shams into what is at least a temporary era of political reality. Here, at any rate, the English reviewer will "draw the thing as he sees it, for the God of things as they are." It is true, indeed, that Mr. Chamberlain is a man of famous name—a name so famous that he must be haunted, one might imagine, in dreams of the night by the consciousness of having ruined his father's work. It is true also that he has had thirty years' experience in the House of Commons, but the implied suggestion that he possesses in himself those high statesmanlike qualities which command a nation's admiration is simply derisive. Through long practice he has acquired a certain readiness in debate and, by like training, he can address a large meeting without any conspicuous defect. But the touch of magnetism which reaches the heart, the word of fire which kindles answering flame—these his

hearers wait for in vain. He is in actual effect as an empty political gourd, not, like Jonah's, sprung to a height in a single night, but reared with painful effort in those thirty toilsome years. His sole real asset is an imposing official manner, and, were he not the son of that famous father, the world would never have heard of him. A Robot—not a man.

Yet the high gifts of personality and genius are bestowed on few, and—so long as he can be trusted—loyal respect can be felt for one who lacks them altogether. So was it, once, with Mr. Chamberlain. He was heavy. He was intrinsically dull. Originality was wholly wanting. But still he was believed to be one in whom trust was possible. Who could trust him now? He has been the progenitor of what has been well called " a new code of honour," according to which it seems that any leader is at liberty at any moment suddenly to contrive the destruction of the *raison d'être* of the party which he leads. For this is what Mr. Chamberlain actually did in regard to the Union. He was what may be termed the hereditary chief of the Unionists. He was the son of the man who, more than any other, inspired the secession from Mr. Gladstone of the cream of the Liberal Party in 1886 and their subsequent junction with the Conservatives in the attempt, the then successful attempt, to prevent Home Rule in Ireland. To attain that end, to avert the mischief and the perils which he believed such a measure to threaten, Joseph Chamberlain, ambitious though he was, sacrificed the almost certain prospect of the Premiership. In the moment when that sacrifice brought the fruition of a national deliverance, when the country, specially appealed to in the General Election of the year named, decisively rejected the Gladstonian scheme, and so inaugurated the " twenty years of resolute government " which almost solved the Irish problem by bringing peace, order, prosperity and contentment to the vast majority of the Irish peoples—if *then* Joseph Chamberlain had been told that a generation later the whole of that work would be nullified by his own son, and this when that son was himself leader of the Unionist Party—is there any imagination powerful enough to conceive the bitterness of his rage?

Yet the full gravamen of the charge against Mr. Austen

Chamberlain lies neither in his conduct in relation to his father, nor even in the question of the merits, or the demerits, of Home Rule. It consists in the fact that by his action he violated the fundamental condition not merely of the existence of a party, but of any form of human co-operation. He betrayed his trust. He was the leader of the Unionist Party. As that leader he was trusted to support to the utmost degree possible the maintenance of British authority in Ireland. Suddenly, secretly, without reference to the Unionist Associations in Great Britain, or even to the great bulk of his followers in the House of Commons, behind the backs of all concerned, he initiated (according to his own showing) the destruction of the cause which he was pledged to defend. He—in concert with his beloved chief, Mr. Lloyd George—opened negotiations with the Irish murderers. He ceded the pass. By every principle of honour by which man can be bound, he was bound—bound to consult the Unionists of Britain before those negotiations were begun. But that obligation of honour he did not fulfil. On the contrary, so far as was practicable, he confronted the Unionist Party suddenly with the *fait accompli.* The thing was practically done before Parliament was consulted. If this was not betrayal, what is betrayal?

In all this matter Lord Birkenhead kept pace with his friend. Having made a dramatic declaration in the House of Lords that never would the Government of which he was a member stoop to negotiate with men " steeped to the lips in the expressed policy of assassination," he then, within a month or two, did stoop to that very degradation. The plea of the Coalition Cabinet was the alleged inability of the Crown forces to overcome the gangs of armed criminals who committed murder at night, or in daylight shot policemen and private individuals in the back in the streets of towns, or, as in November, 1920, slaughtered British officers in their bedrooms in Dublin in the presence of their wives. It was a plea now known to have been wholly false. More, it was the direct opposite of the truth. For the truth was, and is, that the forces of the Crown were on the very eve of complete triumph over the forces of iniquity with which they were contending when the triumvirate of surrenderers, Mr. Lloyd

George, Mr. Chamberlain, and ex-Galloper, now ex-Lord Chancellor, F. E. Smith, flung their labours to the winds and covered, not them, but England, with the deepest shame which in her long history she has ever known.

Wherein lay that shame? First in England's withdrawal from that task which elsewhere in this world she has in the past nobly fulfilled, the task of preserving law and order, the fundamental conditions of civilisation. Secondly, in her betrayal of the safety of her people and of their posterity through her installation of a rancorously hostile race on her flank with, in actuality, full command of ports vital to their very lives. Thirdly, and chiefly, in her abandonment to murder, to ruin, to arson and to brutal outrage worse than death, three hundred thousand Southern Irish Loyalists, men, children, and, alas, women also, her friends, whose loyalty was their crime, and whose blood, or the blood of their kin, had been shed for her in the Great War. This was shame, this was disgrace. For a parallel to it you may search the records in vain. If, when the Mutiny occurred in India and Nana Sahib butchered our country-women at Cawnpore, the England of that time had stood aside, and, announcing that the Crown forces were inadequate, had left the remaining British residents in Hindustan to be massacred or outraged by the revolted sepoys, then indeed a parallel might be found. But that was not the action of England then.

The triumvirate of 1921 left those helpless men and women who had trusted to England's honour and England's might to the mercy of the criminals who had then, and have since, been ravaging Ireland, staining its soil with slaughter, and subjecting women to the last infamy which lawless violence can inflict. The voices of those hapless ones reach but feebly to England's ears. Broken and despairing they appeal for succour, and that appeal is almost unheard. Of the three architects of this misery, we must in justice say that the least culpable was Mr. Lloyd George. He was not, he had never been, a Unionist. From him every sensible man knew what we had to expect. But that the other two "Unionist" leaders who wrought this wickedness by playing into the hands of the red revolutionaries at the back of all Irish trouble, should now be hailed by any English journalists

as men indispensable to a Conservative Ministry would be a thing incredible, were it not the fact.

What is the defence of the crime of which we have given here the outline, followed, as it has been, by the fiasco of Irish autonomy, with bankruptcy as its probable goal? The defence is condonation. The defence is equality of guilt. The surrender, it is said, was approved by the whole Coalition Cabinet, and approved, too, by the whole House of Commons, with the exception (surely a noble exception!) of the members known as "Diehards." We do not for a moment attempt to vindicate either the then Cabinet or the then House of Commons. On the contrary, we blame both. But reason tells us that there are many degrees of guilt. To initiate some monstrous deed is one thing. To consent to it after it has become almost accomplished fact is another. The triumvirate were in a hurry. It is highly improbable that they consulted their colleagues before they opened their negotiation with De Valera and Michael Collins and Griffiths. The Welsh Premier and his two satellites doubtless rushed the business through. As for the acceptance of their scheme by the majority of the House of Commons, there is no explanation except its own degradation after four years of the Coalition rule. It has been left, however, to *The Observer* (i.e., to Mr. Garvin) to enter a last excuse, perhaps the most disingenuous ever uttered—namely, that the Irish Treaty "was finally ratified by Mr. Bonar Law and his whole Government." First to make an irretrievable mess of the affairs of an empire and then to boast of the approval of your successor because he sees no way of escape from it is a new idea.

We are emphatically of opinion that to include, as Mr. Garvin and other writers desire, the two ex-Unionist wreckers of the late Unionist Party, or either of them, in Mr. Baldwin's Ministry would be the doom not merely of that Ministry, but of the belief in the necessity of public honour amongst public men. Moreover, it would paralyse Conservatism, as it would fill every genuine Conservative worker with a sentiment of sick disgust. For Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Birkenhead have committed the sin which Englishmen cannot forgive. They have not "played the game." They have not "run straight."

The New "English"

WITH this, the second, issue of THE ENGLISH REVIEW under its new auspices, and at its reduced price of one shilling, it is perhaps not out of place, nor without interest to our readers, to say a few words as to results. That the June Number of the REVIEW had scored at least a *succès d'estime* was quickly apparent in the universally favourable Press notices which reached us from John o' Groats to Land's End, as well as from the large number of congratulatory letters from readers and welcome contributors.

But the vital test of the success of any publication is, after all, circulation, and we are already able to announce that this has been at least trebled, with every indication that in the present month it will be considerably further increased.

This may be counted a good start and confirms our belief that an outspoken, definite policy, upholding British interests, together with a generous provision of informative and entertaining reading of literary quality, will win sufficient support to enable us to maintain the high standard which alone can justify the title of "THE ENGLISH REVIEW."

Current Comments

The Premier

MR. STANLEY BALDWIN was so comparatively unknown to the general public at the time of his succession to the first office of the State that some natural anxiety has been felt by those whose confidence in the King's choice was not founded upon personal faith in him and knowledge of his character.

In the short space of a month, without fireworks, without rhetoric, and without any of the tricks of the Press agent by which his penultimate predecessor was assiduously advertised as a popular idol, Mr. Baldwin has quietly but surely established his claim to the respect and esteem of all parties in the House, and of the country at large. Both at home and abroad the sincerity of his statement at the Carlton Club meeting, which sealed the fate of the Coalition, is now undoubted. It was a profession of faith so rare in political life as to be worth recalling:—

"I do not know what the majority here or in the country may think about it. I have said what I thought was right, and I stick all through to what I believe to be right."

With such a compass Mr. Baldwin will weather political storms which would wreck a statesman less reliably equipped.

National Economy

RETRENCHMENT in national expenditure is the most pressing of all problems affecting the welfare of the nation. Reduction in taxation can be achieved by no other means and, without a substantial lightening of the taxpayer's burden, trade and industry, from which alone material prosperity is derived, will fall far short of their normal level.

We offer no excuse therefore for publishing in this number two important articles on National Economy. The veteran Lord Inchcape crowned a long and honourable career by rendering a national service of inestimable value when he devoted himself to the task of saving £100,000,000 a year in public expenditure. He followed this heavy

labour by a similar examination into public expenditure in India, the result of which will be described by a further article from his pen in our next issue.

Another article is contributed this month by the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth, M.P., a member of the Committee on Estimates, probably the youngest, but certainly one of the most consistent, as well as persistent, advocates of National Economy. This Parliamentary Committee is designed as a sieve through which all estimates must pass before they are incorporated in the Budget, and much more effective criticism may be expected from it than is possible when masses of figures are presented *en bloc* to an impatient full House.

The German Note

COMMENT on the German Note has been so confused by prejudice and partisan feeling that there is a danger of failure to grasp and use the solid promise which it undoubtedly contains. So many politicians, publicists and newspapers have committed themselves to utter condemnation of the drastic French policy that they would prefer even to wreck the measure of success which it has achieved rather than admit any virtue in it. It is well, therefore, to look to the testimony of a detached but quite exceptionally well-informed observer, namely, Mr. Hoover, who says bluntly that the German Note "is a triumph for M. Poincaré." There can be no room for doubt that had the British Government given France even moral support before her entry into the Ruhr, less drastic measures would have sufficed to have produced a prompt and more satisfactory proposal. Equally, if our Government does not seize this opportunity of closely associating itself with France, the Germans will prolong their resistance interminably in the hope of dividing the Allies or until their own internal situation gets out of hand.

They plainly realise that the present conditions cannot be supported much longer, and they are willing, even anxious, to settle. While the definite part of their offer is entirely inadequate, they profess readiness to submit the question of their capacity to make further payments to the verdict of neutral investigators. If this means a nondescript tribunal such as might be collected by the

League of Nations, it would, of course, be ridiculous, but if the British Government will range itself whole-heartedly alongside our Allies in defining the conditions of the proffered conference, there is little doubt that a mutually acceptable court of arbitration could be constituted. This country is ready enough to make reasonable sacrifices to end the *impasse*, and France would almost certainly adopt a more accommodating attitude in conjunction with Great Britain than in her present position of isolation. The fates have been kind to Mr. Baldwin in offering him an opportunity of making history which comes to few statesmen. We have confidence that he will seize it.

Doles and Domestic Service

THE limits of futility would seem to have been reached in the enquiry held by the Government Committee into the conditions of domestic service. It has evidently been stage-managed by the strange variety of crank peculiar to Government employ (particularly in the Labour Ministry). In the pleasant hot-house atmosphere of Whitehall, comfortably sheltered from the rude and chilly winds of reality, officials of the State conceive imaginary conditions of a socialistic existence beneficently controlled by themselves, which are less related to facts than is an incubator to Nature.

It is impossible to read the evidence expensively gathered from day to day without realising that the witnesses and "experts" called on both sides have for the most part been carefully chosen from those whose sympathies are known to lie in the direction of something for nothing at the expense, and under control, of the State.

The Enquiry is a ponderous farce from beginning to end. It has elucidated nothing whatever which was not already patent to every intelligent housewife.

The shortage of domestic servants is very simply explained by a few obvious facts which it needed no costly enquiry to discover. Our system of national education which fails utterly to educate in the higher sense has hardly attempted to educate at all in the elementals that really matter. It has preferred to encourage a contempt for honest manual or domestic work, and the false idea

that the lowest positions in the office or behind the counter are "socially" superior.

The war enabled even the most incompetent girls to earn fantastic wages under conditions of personal freedom which they have already realised will never be repeated.

Worst of all, the insane dole system has provided them with a means of delaying capitulation to the elementary economic law that work is necessary to support life. Remove the dole—and the domestic labour market would soon find its own level. Those who aspire to the social dignity of the counter, the office, or the factory, will naturally and properly seek to enter those more exalted spheres. Those who cannot gain entry, as well as those who sensibly recognise the solid advantages of domestic service, will quickly be absorbed in that useful work. The best mistresses will get the best maids, the worst will get the worst, according to their deserts and that immutable law of supply and demand which will outlast all the socialistic officials of the Labour Ministry.

We have now three lady Members of Parliament all pledged to economy and presumably with some practical knowledge of housekeeping. We hope that they will justify their election by combining to express their views on a subject which they should understand better than their male fellow Members. Let them urge that whatever education in domestic science is provided at the cost of the State should be given to girls while in the national schools, and not, as suggested by the Whitehall theorists, in specially-designed academies for young women (who should be usefully earning their living) run by a new lot of officials at the public cost. The only higher domestic education of any value is to be found in actual service.

Let them also urge the abolition of the dole, and they will solve a problem which is making life well-nigh intolerable in thousands of middle-class households.

Burlesque

VOLUMES of nonsense will presumably be recorded in the national archives as the result of the labours of this precious Government Enquiry. They would be amusing if they were not humiliating. There was, for instance, a lady who knew of a maid who could only prop up a broken chair

with a bible. This was not quoted, as might be imagined, as an example of the fecklessness of the more imbecile type of maid, but as proof of the inhumanity of mistresses in general.

Councillor Jessie Stephen, as secretary of the Domestic and Hotel Workers' Union, might have been expected to give some evidence to the point. Like Mr. Smillie before the Coal Commission, however, she set herself to harrow the feelings of the Committee without any regard to the facts as they are.

"Eighteen hours' work without a quarter of an hour to herself, inferior food and bedrooms in which mistresses would not house their pet dogs." Where is the mistress against whom such accusations can be levelled and who cares if she goes maidless as she would deserve?

"Constant nagging—abolish living in—evening dinner is a fetish—no pianos for servants in the smaller houses—kitchen, 150 yards from dining-room, etc."

This from the spokeswoman of the Domestic Servants' Union leaves little hope of rational guidance whence, if such a union is of any use at all, it should be forthcoming.

It remains only to rescue from oblivion one gem contributed to this weird inquisition by a gentleman who, if we are not mistaken, was chiefly responsible for leading a large and prosperous undertaking into serious financial misfortune. As a result of his twenty-five years of experience of domestic service, he proposed the formation of a National Domestic Service Guild of Employers and Employed under Royal Charter!

The Air Power of France

Not since the year 1558, when Queen Elizabeth, ascending the throne, found England practically bankrupt and destitute alike of navy, army, and arms, has this country been in a state of such complete inability to defend herself against vital attack as she is in now. Good Queen Bess saved the situation for over twenty years by offering her hand alternately, now to a French, now to a Spanish prince, thus kindling on the one side hopes and on the other side jealousies precluding attack. No such artifice is possible now. In our present absolute helplessness against destruction from the air, we have but this single assurance—that the one

Power which could, if it chose, wipe out London in a week is, happily, still our friend and still our ally. For that Power is France.

Yet, however amicable may be our essential relations, in spite of all the senseless railings levelled at our neighbour by the Liberal and Socialist Press, is it fitting for this nation to exist by sufferance, as it exists at present? As regards ourselves and the French, air force now usurps the place of sea force. What would have been said, even in former days of friendship between the two peoples—say, in that part of the seventeenth century when Charles II. was in receipt of a pension from Louis XIV.—if our navy then had possessed but one-tenth of the strength of the navy of France?

This appears to be, in fact, about the proportion which our air power bears to that of the French. They are alleged to be able to muster some five thousand aeroplanes, and we some five hundred. The inevitable deduction is that London is absolutely at the mercy of Paris. It is, for us, a position of ignominy, due chiefly to the policy pursued by Mr. Winston Churchill when head of the Air Ministry. He allowed civil aviation in this country almost to perish for want of adequate subsidy. It is the actual truth that if, instead of devoting nearly the whole of the nation's expenditure on air power to military purposes and, very particularly, to bricks and mortar, Mr. Churchill had deigned to allot a larger proportion to the maintenance of the great aviation firms, the position of this country would have been incomparably stronger.

The Air Ministry's actual performance since the war has been to spend an aggregate sum in the neighbourhood of sixty millions sterling, with the result of leaving England a third- or fourth-rate Power, whether in regard to civil or to military flying. The taxpayer can hardly consider that he has value for his money.

A National Disgrace

It is unhappily useless to expect that the conduct of national affairs shall be carried on with an equal regard to decency and honour to that required of an individual of repute. We had an unpleasant reminder the other day of the legacy of shame bequeathed by that spell-binder from Wales who so unaccountably succeeded in hypnotising the

English nation into accepting him as their inspired trustee. The late Sir John Cowans, who as Quarter-master-General was entrusted with the spending of vastly more of the taxpayers' money than any other single man, who provided everything—food, equipment, and transport—for over 7,000,000 men, and who was universally credited with having performed miracles of efficiency, died a poor man, his death accelerated and his poverty accentuated by his utter devotion to duty. Both his health and his private interests were uncomplainingly sacrificed. An operation which might have saved his life was postponed until it was too late. After his death, Sir Laming Worthington-Evans as Minister for War assured the House of Commons that the question of a special grant to his widow would be dealt with by the then Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George. Her pension was £225 a year, and a month ago she had not received any of it. Sir John Cowans was not of Welsh descent; his widow controlled no newspapers and influenced no votes; he had served his purpose—he was dead. Mr. Lloyd George, with less sense of national dignity than a member of a Board of Guardians voting on a compassionate allowance to the widow of a workhouse master, offered Lady Cowans £100 a year. This insulting proposal was naturally declined, although absolute necessity has compelled the sale of her husband's medals and decorations.

Since now Sir Laming Worthington-Evans has been taken back into the fold it is not too late for him to vindicate his personal reputation and the honour of the nation by redressing a wrong which the public conscience would not tolerate were the facts generally known.

Education and Salaries of Teachers

A PROPOS of all the discussion there has been of late about the salaries of teachers, it may not be inopportune to ask what the public imagine they are getting in exchange for the enormous sums that are now being spent on popular education in this country. Looking about us, we confess that we see very little to congratulate ourselves upon in the condition of the children. In that most important result of a sound education, which is discipline, and above all, self-discipline, we find them singularly deficient. It does not appear to be generally understood that the chief

object of education is to prepare the young human to lead a decent life, and that therefore the cultivation of his will and moral nature should be the principal object of all educators. Indeed, the greatest of modern philosophers, Kant, could see no other purpose worth mentioning in a good education, and allowed the acquisition of mere knowledge to take only a minor and very subordinate place. The modern stampede after employment and wealth has led to the result that education is regarded as no more than a means of converting every child into a creature capable of earning a "decent" living, rather than into a citizen capable of leading a decent life; hence knowledge supposed to possess some commercial value is inculcated at the cost of discipline and self-discipline, and education thus gets robbed of its most valuable and least dispensable elements. In the long run, those educators who place the cultivation of the will and the moral nature first upon their programme, are bound to win the day even in a world of commerce and industry. At all events, the public may reasonably be expected to demand a return for their money; and in education that return can only be dross if it consist merely of "knowledge" as dispensed by our system of National Education.

We are fortunate in being able to publish this month a most illuminating article on another aspect of this subject, namely, the ill-effects produced by modern innovation on the mental equipment of the average undergraduate, by Dr. G. B. Grundy, who writes with undeniable authority.

The Cancer Fund

In the midst of the enthusiastic acclamation with which the £1,000,000 Cancer Fund has quite naturally been received, a statement of the case has reached us from one of the highest recognised authorities on the subject. We fear that it will be distasteful to the promoters of the scheme and discouraging to the many who have sad cause to pray for its success. The claims upon philanthropic effort are, however, so infinitely greater than its utmost possible achievement that we have deemed it our duty to call attention to the danger of its diversion into unproductive channels by appeals to public sentiment, not, as it would appear in this instance, fully justified by the highest scientific sanction.

Fenland in July

By E. L. Grant Watson

After lying upon the fen for several hours and listening to the sound of the wind as it goes by, stirring the low bushes and rustling the dry halms of sedge, there has gradually come to me the realisation that this fenland has an integral life of its own, compounded of all the lives of plants and animals which are here. Like all life, this life extends beyond the appearance of phenomena through which it is made manifest. It is a spirit, and would be called, by a primitive or poetic people, the god, the fairy, or the dæmon of the place. It exists for me at this moment with a profound reality. Although, no doubt, a part of the more universal life of the country or of the realm, it is in itself a complete entity, defined, like any other individual thing, by qualities and limitations. It speaks with gentle and subtle persistence. It is calm and complacent. The blues and greens of the living vegetation blend harmoniously with the brown and purple of last year's dead reeds. The flat monotonous extent, and its enclosing dome of sky above are of the same spirit, of which the voices of the warblers in the grass close by give utterance. Cuckoos are calling from all points of the compass. Turtle-doves flutter amongst the bushes of buckthorn and gelder-rose. Larks overhead, invisible in the blue, let fall their long chains of song. Here there is rest and satisfaction. The fairy of the fenland gazes upward into the infinity of space, and is content.

Economy in National Expenditure*

By Lord Inchcape

I.

THE campaign in Great Britain against Government profligacy was not a thing suddenly born. The danger of the latter's continuance had been seen by business men and by some of our statesmen early in the post-Armistice period; and in the efforts of those who, on the platform and in the press, had urged an arrest in public expenditure, I may claim to have taken a fair share.

AN EPHEMERAL PROSPERITY.

The short-lived trade boom of 1919-20 had deceived everybody and had raised the universal optimism to a height from which, as the true position began to disclose itself, the descent was all the more precipitate and profound. Increased industrial production (for which there had, during the boom, been considerable agitation) was accompanied by a growing paralysis, resulting from high production costs, of markets at home and overseas. Warehouses were soon glutted and manufacturers had perforce to slow down their factories or stop work altogether. Unemployment, aggravated by the continuous discharge of men from the Forces, soon assumed the aspect of a dangerous social menace. The forebodings of those of us who saw the extent of the mischief were to some extent reflected in the public mind. Conversely, we believed that a public and wholesome effort at self-help was bound to produce a restorative influence. All-round economy was dimly seen to be the common interest of all classes. Two prime necessities began to be recognised, national debt redemption and a reduction of taxation, both impossible without drastic reductions of national expenditure. The Cabinet already realised that the utmost limit of the

* By courtesy of the Editor of the *Journal des Débats*.

nation's taxable capacity had been reached, and the Chancellor's call upon the Government Departments for voluntary economies caused a transient feeling of relief. It was not difficult, considering the high level to which expenditure had been raised, and at a time when inflated establishments were, if all too slowly, in process of reduction, to indicate, as the Departments did, a prospective shrinkage of £75,000,000 in their outlay for the coming financial year. But it was felt that this was altogether insufficient and that some further steps must be taken.

The Economy Committee.

In this dilemma Sir Robert Horne, then the Chancellor of the Exchequer, called into being the Committee on National Expenditure, to give it its official name. Later it came to be known as "the Geddes Committee." The terms of the Committee's reference were "to make recommendations to the Chancellor for effecting forthwith all possible reductions in the national expenditure on Supply Services, having regard especially to the present and prospective position of the Revenue."

Its Recommendations.

The Committee issued two interim Reports—the first in December, 1921, dealing with the Fighting Services and the Social Services, including Education and War Pensions, and recommending economies to the amount of £70,300,000, subsequently augmented by additional recommendations of a face value of £1,171,875. The second Report covered the various Trade Departments, Agriculture, Police, Prisons, etc., and embodied suggested economies of £3,590,000. The third and final Report, the issue of which brought the Committee's labours to an end, was published on the 21st February, 1922, and tabulated possible reductions amounting to £11,782,300, including a further sum of £3,000,000 under the head of War Pensions. The sum total of these suggested "cuts of the Geddes' Axe" was £86,844,175—still short of the desired hundred millions. But the Committee invited the Chancellor's attention to the reduction of naval expenditure which they expected to result from the Washington Conference (this, in fact, was afterwards found to

amount to £16,000,000—more than sufficient to complete the sum which the Committee sought); to a still further lessening of naval expenditure under the headings of oil stocks and oil storage; and an additional reduction of military expenditure upon a review of garrisons abroad.

The Work and Its Critics.

Before, however, these successive Reports could be framed a vast amount of investigation and analysis had to be disposed of, departmental memoranda and financial statements, running into many thousands of pages, had to be weighed and collated, and the greatest care taken to ensure that no damage should, from the contraction of expenditure, accrue to the defences of the country and its numerous commitments overseas, and that the efficiency of the comprehensive social services which had been set up in quick succession by the Government should survive unimpaired to any serious degree.

Protests, as was almost inevitable, were soon forthcoming from one or two of the affected Departments, notably the Naval Service and the Educationists. Some curtailment of social services had to be squarely faced. Education costs for England and Wales falling on the Imperial Exchequer had risen from £15,320,000 in 1913-14 to an estimated sum of £51,550,000 in the Budget of 1922-23, and the proportion paid out of local rates from £16,190,000 in 1913-14 to an estimated sum of £38,300,000 in 1922-23. Adding £12,910,000 for the education charges against Scottish taxes and rates and £1,120,000 grants to universities and colleges, the total estimated cost of education for England, Scotland and Wales in 1922-23 amounted to no less a sum than £103,880,000. It is, perhaps, not necessary to state here the considerations upon which the Committee based their suggested economies of £18,000,000 under this head, except to say that the increase of expenditure was largely caused by the institution, in September, 1920, of a much-needed advancement of the scale of salaries for teachers, who had undoubtedly been underpaid before that time.

The Committee's proposal (including Scotland) to effect, by a reduction of five per cent. in teachers' pay and other means, a total economy in the Education Depart-

ment of £18,000,000 was, quite naturally, opposed by educationists and their supporters. Similarly, officials of the Admiralty, soon after the issue of the Report on naval expenditure, traversed, in a statement issued to the press, the Committee's premises and challenged its conclusions.

The Committee and the Government.

Below is a table comparing the Committee's suggested economies with the reductions in national expenditure submitted to the House of Commons on March 1st by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The sum total of the latter amounted to £64,000,000, with an intimation that only £54,000,000 would become effective in the next financial year (1922-1923).

	Committee.	Government.
	£	£
Education	18,000,000	6,500,000
Navy	21,000,000*	10,000,000
Army	22,500,000†	17,000,000
Air	5,500,000	3,000,000
Labour	nil	8,000,000
Health	2,100,000	2,100,000
Pensions	6,000,000	6,000,000
Trade Group	538,000	495,000
Agriculture	855,000	642,000
Police and Prisons	1,595,000	1,253,000
Third Report	8,750,000	8,500,000

* Exclusive of Washington Commission and savings on oil supplies.
† Including Middle-East.

Not a Task for Politicians.

But, in estimating the effects of the Committee's work, I think it may justly be claimed that those effects were far greater than appeared on the surface. The Cabinet was forced by the trend of events to devise some means whereby, in their discharge of the business of Government, they might bring about some control of the Government's business. The country's financial fortunes were on the downward grade; the ephemeral trade boom of 1919-20 had, as I have said, reached its peak and trade had declined steeply; industrial adversity was already causing prodigious arrears of direct taxes. Departments had been slow to divest themselves of the prodigal habits engendered by the war, and the appointment of a committee of business men, who had all their lives been

engaged in the government of commercial interests of huge proportions, was probably the wisest step which could have been taken. The appointment of the Committee gained instant and widespread public approval, for its constitution and the character and public reputation of its members placed the enquiry entirely outside the arena of party politics, and beyond considerations of how this or that proposed step would affect the fortunes of the Government with the electorate. It is conceivable that, had the investigation been conducted by politicians, in the atmosphere of a parliamentary committee-room, no such useful result could have been attained.

Influence on Public Opinion.

The reproach was levelled at the Chancellor that in appointing the Committee he was shirking responsibility. On the other hand, it was claimed for the Government, in a debate on February 13th, that the appointment of such a Committee was imperative, as there was no constitutional machinery which would work with such speed and power. But the adoption of the Committee's programme rested finally with the Government, and although, in the result, their suggestions were only in part adopted, the matter ended not then, nor there. The appointment of such a Committee was without precedent, and focussed attention on the need for economy, in every direction, as no other event could have done. The matter was for some time a chief topic of interest in the British press, the Committee's work, as it proceeded, was watched and commented on with a piquant and universal curiosity, and the issue of each successive Report kept public interest at a high pitch. To a sporting people the full accomplishment of the set task became a sporting event and the interest reached its climax when the means of overtaking the last few millions were as yet undisclosed. By the time the Chancellor made his statement in the House, on March 2nd, the country had become saturated with the idea of economy, and a force of public opinion created which gave the Cabinet furiously to think—a state of the official mind which, notwithstanding the change of Government, has been reflected in the satisfaction with which the close of a year of successful budgeting has been celebrated in his

Budget speech by Sir Robert Horne's successor. The educative effect of the enquiry upon the man in the street cannot be doubted; and national finance, national indebtedness and debt redemption, are things commonly discussed and more clearly and widely discerned than ever before. It may readily be believed that a valuable by-product of the Committee's labours has been seen in the acceptance by great bodies of labour, through their trade unions, of reductions in rates of wages from the extravagant and suicidal level to which they had been raised under the stress of a prolonged war.

Currency and Income Tax.

But the effects of the public effort to put our house in order did not end there. As I have said, the Committee's work was freely commented on and commended in the home and foreign press, more particularly in the United States, and was to some extent related to the appreciation of the pound sterling in the world's exchanges of currency.

The reduction of the British income tax from 6s. to 5s. in the pound, which formed part of the 1922-23 Budget, had been rendered imperative by the attention focussed on national expenditure, debt and taxation, by the Committee's work, and the conversion of the Committee's recommendations to terms of practical politics by the Chancellor's declaration in the House on March 1st, already referred to, paved the way for this reduction and rendered it inevitable.

The Committee's By-products.

The germinating sentiment of which the Committee's reports were the concrete expression was again reflected in the budgeting of the municipalities throughout the country, for an all-round reduction of local rates took place. This was as well, for the point of general revolt had nearly been reached—how nearly only those knew who, by their ability to concentrate information from all directions, were aware of the ugly situation which was slowly but surely developing from the display of reckless municipal extravagance. With the primary reduction of income tax at least one obstacle to the recovery of trade was removed, for while the restraint of trade imposed by

heavy taxation can only be roughly appraised, its paralysing force on individual enterprise is not open to question. Trade, once arrested by such penal imposts, cannot easily regain its momentum, and only now do we begin to observe a revival among manufacturers and operatives of the will to work. But there can be no doubt that in Great Britain such a movement has begun and, as in the case of all imponderable forces, nothing, in my opinion, short of a miracle can stop it. I look forward, therefore, with considerable confidence to the next few years to produce a cycle of steadily rising, if moderate, prosperity.

A Grand Tour

By Sir Chartres Biron

In a vulgar and distracting age it is pleasant on occasion to be reminded of a time when at any rate people knew where they were. When in 1844 the Marchioness of Londonderry wrote the *Narrative of a Visit to the Courts of Vienna, Constantinople, Athens, Naples, etc.*, social distinctions were clearly defined. A peer was a peer and there was an end of it. The very title of the book impresses. Like a good-natured climber who, while talking of the great, admits the audience by implication into the charmed circle, it gives the reader a pleasant sense of ruffling it with the royalties of Europe. In fact, the book is a very pleasant and agreeable chronicle and reveals in every chapter with an engaging simplicity a charming and humorous personality. Nothing is more difficult than to produce a readable book of travel. The trail of the guide book is apt to be over them all, and there is a dreadful kind of facetiousness which wandering abroad seems to stimulate.

To have written a book in 1844 which may be read with entertainment to-day is a performance of no mean achievement.

In 1840, when the Marchioness of Londonderry set out upon her courtly tour, the world was a very pleasant place for the great ones of the earth.

They had faced the great Reform Bill, and much to their surprise found their position more assured than ever.

The House of Peers had not been " destroyed by the creation of peers to carry the bill," nor " had it fallen with the other institutions of the country," as the Duke of Wellington had prophesied to Lord Eldon, and Lord Londonderry must have been relieved to find that even if " the Revolution had been effected," the Duke was too pessimistic in telling him " that property and the House of Lords have lost their political influence "; at any rate, socially they were still omnipotent. The " ruling classes " was not merely a phrase, it was a definition, and, if benevo-

lent, its despotism was frank and unchallenged. From reading her vivacious pages it is quite obvious that any idea that members of the aristocracy were of the same clay as ordinary folk had never crossed the mind of the distinguished authoress. Yet even in 1840 there were signs of the coming storm. The methods of the Grand Tour were changing. The old stately progresses by carriage through Europe with which the best of our youth enlarged their minds and returned with doubtful Canalettos and a taste for Palladian architecture, were threatened.

The iron age of the railway was beginning.

The Sterne of 1840, instead of buying the "Remise" at Calais, would have reserved two places in the Rapide for Paris.

By comparison it seemed a vulgar business.

We read: "The railway travelling has the undoubted advantage of enabling one to move from place to place with great rapidity, but its inconveniences are innumerable —such as the noise, the smell, the jar, and above all the being brought into contact with all sorts and conditions of people." At Antwerp there was a most painful incident. It appears it was a fête day, and in consequence the train was crowded, and actually "We had great difficulty in getting places and only succeeded after a smart contest between Lord Londonderry and an insolent priest"; who apparently was unreasonable enough to expect a seat for which he had paid in a train which carried an English Marquis.

Vienna, their first objective, was reached by Rotterdam and the Rhine.

At Ratisbon the travellers determined to proceed by river, and after two days' tempestuous and not too comfortable voyaging, arrived at the Swan Inn, Vienna.

It was eighteen years since the Londonderrys had been there, and the Marquis was curious as to the changes in society.

Metternich, the friend of two generations, describes it to him in a phrase:

"Ecoutez, mon cher, les vieilles femmes que vous avez connus sont mortes et les jeunes sont devenues vieilles. Voila l'histoire," and not a bad history either.

Eighteen years before the Prince had been married to

an amiable invalid of his own age by whom he had a family. After her death he consoled himself by marrying a charming young Jewess, in spite of the racial prejudice of the Viennese aristocracy.

His second wife, with whom he was very happy, lived but a year, and he sought fresh consolation with a third, whom Lady Londonderry describes as "an agreeable, handsome woman."

The Prince took a broad view of matrimony. Fidelity was not his foible. It was said of him, perhaps with exaggeration, that he never had less than three mistresses; but he was simultaneously a devoted husband and family man, and made all his wives extremely happy.

We get an interesting picture of the great man in his old age:

"Eighteen years ago I thought him old but very agreeable; he was then married to an amiable invalid of his own age." Since then his life had not been uneventful. His influence in European politics was immense, in Austria still supreme.

His theory of growing old was ingenious, if not altogether convincing.

He assures Lady Londonderry it is a delusion. No one grows old, a discovery he made in consoling an elderly princess of his acquaintance, who was somewhat apprehensive on the point.

"C'est là sa manie. Life," he pointed out, "is made up of hours, time, and existence of moments. At ten o'clock look in the glass, at half past ten look again. You see no change. Another quarter of an hour, still the same. When does the change take place?"

After eighteen years his manner is found unchanged. "The same peculiar calmness still distinguished him. His form is yet erect, but his eye less brilliant. His face had lengthened, the hair was silvered." Despite the logic of his theory, time had been at work, but, young or old, he remained First Minister for another eight years, and survived the troubles of 1848 to live till eighty-six.

A visit to Prince Esterhazy includes a drive to Esterhazy to see the old Palace, built by the great-grandfather of their host in imitation of Versailles. Like its original, "it is low and damp and unwholesome, 200,000 acres of

the estate had to be drained to make the earth possible." Of a vast size, it had " a great façade, offices, an orangery, and a theatre."

The theatre must have been unique, as its owner, who is described, apparently with some justification, as " a singular old man," used to maintain an Italian Opera with Haydn to lead the orchestra.

" Having his own private society, he never invited anyone, but the more company came and the longer they stayed the better he was pleased." They were lodged and served and carriages placed at their orders to drive about in the day and go to the theatre at night, " and in case the latter might seem empty," the peasants were made to attend instead of being required to work.

Vienna nearly proved their Capua, but arrangements had been made to visit Constantinople, and even the attractions of Viennese society had to be left at last.

A journey from Vienna to Constantinople in those days was an arduous affair.

The Danube was low, the boat was small and uncomfortable. Their carriage had to be sent by land and it rained all the way to Pesth. The existing suspension bridge to Buda was not then finished. Of the many who have crossed it, how many know that the engineer was the same " who built the one at Hammersmith "? One certainly did not until he read this volume.

Further down the river matters do not improve. Steamer travel, although a better boat is found, proves a tedious affair.

However, to reach Constantinople in a carriage by land, involving as it did the crossing of the Balkans, is pronounced impossible for a lady; at one point the passage of the river can only be undertaken in small boats, and at some risk where rapids have to be negotiated through precipitous cliffs, and then the party has to tranship to the steamer *Pannonia*, which, alas! was " very small, old, and ill-contrived," and also " blacker than any collier. Years had not seen the decks washed but by the rain, and the uneven boards were ankle deep in mud and filth," and, even worse, " bugs, fleas, and vermin abounded." It must have been a miserable five days.

Even then their troubles were not at an end, as the

Constantinople steamer was three days late in arriving at Galatz. " A more wretched spot than Galatz can hardly be imagined; the whole place is a swamp, filled with ruts, and the people are apparently absolute barbarians." Wretched as Galatz was, the Governor does his best for the distinguished visitors, and a ball is given for them " under the Governor's direction," by a rich merchant with a Zingari band. At last the steamer comes, for a wonder, clean and relatively comfortable, and in ten hours they are at the mouth of the Danube; and eventually, after bad weather and a collision in which a paddle box is carried away, they enter the Bosphorus three weeks after leaving Vienna, and what is only too justly described as " a most trying time," but almost worth undergoing to find a kind friend's yacht, which must have seemed like its name, a *Dream*, waiting for them, with dinner on board, and " a house taken for us by the banker on the top of a hill in Pera."

When Metternich said to Lady Londonderry in Vienna: " On revient toujours à la même chose; il n'y a rien de nouveau," he might have been thinking of Constantinople.

Now, as then, seen from the sea " the Seraglio point, the tall dark cypresses, the delicious colouring of an Eastern sky with the stir and gaiety of vessels of all sorts, steamers, trawlers, yachts, and myriads of graceful little caïques, all these on a bright sunny day form a scene beyond description enchanting," and on shore an architect's tragedy, the finest site for a city in the world, covered by the meanest buildings with the mosque of San Sophia standing out in dignified protest.

To such eminent visitors most doors opened in time, and in fact the travellers even had an audience of the Sultan Abdul Mehjid, " Tall, pale, sallow and slight, only eighteen years of age, with fine eyes, a sweet smile and amiable expression of countenance," and were shown, but not by him, a large square trapdoor in the floor, " which was raised apparently with suspicious ease, and through it the deep green sea flowing," which suggests to Lady Londonderry the quotation:

> " When wearied of these fleeting charms and me
> Here yawns the sack and yonder rolls the sea."

On December 3rd they leave for Smyrna in Mr. Bentinck's yacht, the *Dream*, being shown the way by Captain Lyon's schooner. The yachtsmen of those days were no fair weather sailors.

Steam yachts were unknown and in the 'forties a yacht of 300 tons was considered an exceptionally large vessel. Even in the 'eighties, Lord Brassey's *Sunbeam*, which all good yachtsmen must be glad to see again in commission, was considered a *Majestic* among pleasure vessels, and was only 560 tons.

Later on at Malta they meet Lord Desart on his cutter *Therese*, bound for Alexandria. The rig, a very awkward one for bad weather, implies the yacht could not have been more than 150 tons.

There are not many yachtsmen nowadays who would care to navigate the Mediterranean in winter in boats of this size, but the *Dream* and "Captain Lyon's schooner" must have made a pretty picture as they sailed out of the Sea of Marmora. As it was, after a stormy passage, Smyrna had to be abandoned, but the alternative Corfu should have proved an ample consolation.

Unfortunately, cold and quarantine tempered their enjoyment of that earthly paradise then in our occupation.

Still, the delay had its compensations. It made an excuse for a voyage to Athens, which is undertaken in the Governor's yacht lent to them for the occasion, the captain of which was a remarkable character.

A Genoese, he happened in early life to find himself penniless in Constantinople. Finding a vessel bound for the Danube, he offers himself as pilot, undeterred by the fact that he had never been there, and that his knowledge of the sea was rudimentary. His difficulty was to find the mouth of the river, and fortunately he meets a vessel coming out, so he boldly ventures and by good fortune takes his ship in safety. Such a man deserved success, and from that moment he never looked back. He served with Napoleon and Murat, and was now employed by the English Government as captain of the Governor's steamer. He quoted Virgil, had the Italian poets at his fingers' ends.

His versatility was certainly remarkable. Each day discovers fresh accomplishments; singing, drawing are among them. He makes the portraits of his eminent pas-

sengers, and his likenesses were striking and done by "a *trait de crayon* while he quoted Metastasio and sung airs from *Norma* and *La Somnambula*," and on their return from Athens he had finished the likenesses of the entire crew and written a log of the expedition composed entirely in verse.

It is curious how customs change. Nowadays one would be apt to consider anyone who wrote his name on a public monument a vulgar fellow.

Even a Croydon councillor would hesitate. Yet we read:

"Lord Londonderry wrote our names on one of the columns in front of the entrance of the Parthenon to be perhaps read in after years by our children and children's children"; and that this was not an exceptional act, but evidently the accepted custom of the best people, is clear from the following passage: "We then turned to the Erechtheion, a beautiful building"; after appreciating its beauty, "Walking round the exterior, a spot where Lord Durham had climbed to cut his name was pointed out to us."

But unfortunately it was too high to be visible, even "with glasses." It is not surprising that the inquiries of a committee appointed in 1841 to inquire into the cause and condition of public monuments disclosed the fact that there were 20,000 names scratched on the font of St. Paul's Cathedral.

The gifted captain takes them back to Corfu, whence ship is taken to Malta, and thence the *Dream* takes them another cruise to Palermo.

Naples marks the end of the delightful odyssey, of which no real traveller can read without envy; but, alas! cruel fate was not placated either by its risks or discomforts.

A terrible blow fell.

After exploring the ruins of Pompeii they returned to find the news of another:

"We received the distressing intelligence of the calamitous fire at Wynyard, and the destruction of everything we had passed twenty years in collecting and constructing."

Even after eighty years the tragedy of it must move

the most callous reader; one can only sympathise to read "we were overwhelmed with grief," and one is not surprised to hear "a severe illness confined me for three weeks to my bed."

Lord Londonderry, too, was seriously annoyed. The affair seemed scarcely intelligible; a little reflection should surely have prevented the catastrophe.

The French noble who thought that Providence would think twice before damning a gentleman of his quality at any rate preserved his comforting faith to the end, but Wynyard was in ashes. Lord Londonderry writes to a friend from Naples in dignified protest: "Here I learned that Almighty God for reasons best known to Himself has been pleased to burn down my house in the County of Durham," a desolating end to such a holiday. There was nothing for it but "to bend our steps towards our ruined house and see the extent of desolation."

Let us hope it was not so bad as it sounded, and that of the treasures something had been spared.

Since 1840 much besides the Imperial Eagles of Austria has gone. It would seem a strange and rather squalid world to the aristocracy of that day. Country seats will soon be as rare in England as the valet in *Eothen* found them in the Orient.

"*Sic transit*" is no doubt an edifying reflection, which seems of late to be extended to all that makes life gracious and attractive, but the humblest collector will feel a pang of regret at the destruction of so much that must have been a national as well as a personal loss.

Trollope's Autobiography*

By Charles Whibley

It is something of a puzzle that for forty years Anthony Trollope's *Autobiography* should have been ignored. For assuredly it is among the few best autobiographies which have been written in English. Trollope had most of the qualities which enable a man to write faithfully about himself. He was not afraid to tell the truth, even when it was ugly or sordid. No man was ever less inclined than he to put a halo upon his own head. He looked at himself from the same distance, whence he looked at the characters of his books, with a stark, uncompromising candour. He had no other aim than to write a book of good faith, to tell us all that he knew about himself, to paint his own portrait, warts and all, and to spare no disfigurement that he detected in his mind or face. In brief, to read Trollope's *Autobiography* is to make the intimate acquaintance of a man who, intent to share with others the profound knowledge he has gained of himself, keeps no secret from them.

He confesses that the first twenty-six years of his life were years of "suffering, disgrace, and inward remorse." He pictures himself as an outcast, who was not permitted to take part in the work or play of his fellows. The incidents of his boyhood burned him after fifty years as though they were yesterday. What mattered it that he spent years at Harrow and Winchester, if he were as a wretched shade wandering unseen among schoolboys, who lived and laughed? Their companionship was not for him. Poverty and awkwardness kept him apart from them all. He was big and awkward and ugly, he tells us, and "skulked about in a most unattractive manner." He felt that he was "odious to the eyes of those whom he admired and envied." And all the while he cultivated popularity

* An Autobiography by Anthony Trollope, with an Introduction by Michael Sadleir. (Oxford University Press.)

with " a covetousness that was almost mean." When he left school and went with his family to Bruges things were no better. " A sadder household," he writes simply, " was never held together. They were all dying." All save his mother, whose courage never wavered, and whom he described as a " mixture of joviality and industry." When they were asleep she sat at her desk earning bread for them all with a spirit shown by no other woman of letters, save Mrs. Oliphant. At nineteen he was given a clerkship in the Post Office, for which, according to his own account, he was so ill-fitted that he could neither spell nor add up figures.

And then, at the age of twenty-six, he suddenly attained all that he had prayed for and missed in the past. Ireland, for many the grave of happiness and reputation, was for him an enchanted island. There for the first time he was entrusted with work not unworthy of him; there he first practised the art of fiction, and gained his first experience of the hunting field. He established country posts, a task which later became a passion with him; he rode horses, good and bad; he wrote novels; and best of all in his own eyes, which saw most easily the real things of life, he began to make money. The transition from evil to good is so rapidly abrupt as to appear incredible. Had he been a character in a book—and it is as an independent creation that he regards himself in his *Autobiography*—he would hardly have seemed all of one piece to critical readers. He himself insists that the men and women of fiction should be the same at the end as they were in the beginning, allowance being made for slow and natural growth. And when he set out solemnly to create himself he did violence, I think, to the first of his own canons. The boy who skulked, awkward and ugly, about Harrow and Winchester, was no true father of Anthony Trollope, the member of the Garrick and Athenæum, the great novelist, welcome in all societies, which his loud voice and large utterance somewhat despotically dominated. Either there must have been a rare re-birth or the picture differs from the truth at one point or another. The discrepancy may, perhaps, be explained simply and without reliance upon a miracle. Trollope over-charged the melancholy of his youth, that the success of his later

years might shine with an unexpected radiance. He achieved his contrast by making a sacrifice, which he seldom made, to the truth. The description of his triumphs is, so to say, a piece of vengeance deliberately taken upon the past. He had known poverty in his childhood; he had missed popularity; and at last he had got what he wanted. "To be known as somebody—to be Anthony Trollope, if it be no more—is to me much," he wrote, and that the "somebody" might appear greater and happier, he made the dirty, solitary boy dirtier and more remote from others than he really was. This he did unconsciously, and committed a fault not in morals, but in art.

The passages in the *Autobiography* in which Trollope discusses his own business of novel-writing keep the tightest hold upon our interest. He purges the craft of letters from all taint of mystery and romance. So fierce an enemy is he of literary cant that he will allow no difference to exist between the making of books and the making of boots. For him, as it had also been, most nobly, for his mother, the art of literature was an art of gain. "My first object," he says, "in taking to literature as a profession was that which is common to the barrister when he goes to the Bar, and to the baker when he sets up his oven. I wished to make an income on which I and those belonging to me might live in comfort." Dr. Johnson, another enemy of cant, was of a like mind with Trollope when he said that no man ever wrote except for money. And in making money Trollope certainly succeeded. Some seventy thousand pounds rewarded the leisure snatched from an arduous profession, from the card table, and the hunting-field. In his own excellent phrase, "the result with him was comfortable, but not splendid." But, again, when Trollope said that money was the real motive of his taking to literature, he put a strain upon the truth. He had no wish to grow rich at the expense of his craft. He would not, on any account, have "sold shoddy for broadcloth." He was a far keener critic of himself than of others; he had a clear perception of what he wanted to do; he looked upon his books with the same detachment wherewith he looked upon his life. When he falls below what he thinks is the standard of his art he takes himself severely to

task. He lived with the people of his creation closely and assiduously. He worked hard that they might act and speak in his books as they would have acted and spoken had they lived in the world. He was a master of dramatic dialogue, and could tell a tale in talk better than most of his rivals. Nor can you read his discourse upon his own novels without understanding how resolutely he intended to make his books as good as his talents and his industry might contrive. His motive, then, as motives commonly are, was mixed. He liked money and he respected his profession, and there is no doubt that, if a contest had come about between money and his profession, that his profession would always have got the better of it.

And if these foolish ones, who see in the art of letters a thing apart and of itself, were shocked at Trollope's candid admissions that he wished to make money, that the author of a book or the painter of a picture had the same duty towards himself and those belonging to him as a barrister or baker, they were still more grievously shocked when he asserted, plainly and openly, that a piece of cobblers' wax on his chair was a surer aid to the writing of a book than inspiration. He made his offence worse by declaring that a man, with energy, might work at any season and in any condition. He himself worked in the train or on board ship. He was not deterred from the daily task, imposed upon him, of turning out " copy " by fatigue or even by sea-sickness. He carried his belief that there was little difference between novel-writing and any other business so far as to enter in a diary the number of pages he wrote: " so that if at any time he slipped into idleness for a day or two the record of that idleness was there, staring him in the face." He felt little or no sympathy with those of his colleagues who fell behind with their allotted tasks, who " have ever been as boys struggling to learn their lesson as they entered the school gates." Their dilatoriness earned for them the distrust of publishers, and they were not able to do half the work which Trollope himself accomplished without an effort.

To the objection that the mechanical appliances of diaries and checks and measurements are beneath the notice of a man of genius, Trollope replied that he had

never fancied himself to be a man of genius, and that even if he had been a man of genius he would not have resented the trammels, which he described with so keen a gusto. Nevertheless the plan of manufacturing books which he devised, though sound for himself, is wholly unsuited to the most of writers. He made the mistake of thinking that what was good for him was good also for others. It may be true that if a man does not sit at his desk he will never achieve anything; that, in truth, cobblers' wax is an unpleasant necessity. But cobblers' wax is not, as Trollope seems to have thought, the whole of authorship. The genius or the talent, if you will, that goes to the composition of books is given to men of different characters, and of various temperaments. Trollope was obviously a man of iron nerves, who knew not what it was to distrust his faculties; and he confidently bade all those who adopted authorship as the business of their lives to follow his example. Thus he would have exalted the method of Procrustes, and cut all men down to one size and shape. In him the interval between thought and expression was very brief. But those there are who, however industriously they may think, compose with difficulty. Of what advantage would it have been to Coleridge, or to the world, if you had sat him down to his desk at nine o'clock every day and bade him stay there until his work was done? Gautier, finished master of his craft though he was, never sat down to write without doubt and misgiving. Victor Hugo, differing completely from Coleridge and from Gautier, refused to interrupt his morning's toil that he might speak for the last time to a dying son. Assuredly they are happiest who believe that no idle word ever falls from their pen, whose health and temper preserve them from the wayward moods of idleness and of despair. But they waste their words when they preach the doctrine of the cobblers' wax to the less fortunate who at times suffer from the disease which may be called graphophobia, whom the mere sight of an ink-pot and a blank sheet of paper in certain hours appals.

Moreover, it was Anthony Trollope's industry and the legend of it created by himself which hastened to the momentary eclipse of his fame. If he found inspiration for his works in a piece of cobblers' wax, said the cynical

reader, they cannot be worth much. That prejudice has been easily overcome. There remained to frighten the world the solid mass of his many volumes. He wrote, he tells us, much more than twice as much as Carlyle. He took comfort in thinking that his work exceeded Voltaire's. But authors are not judged by bulk. "What a great poet would Victor Hugo have been," said a French critic, "if he had not written two hundred lines a day for sixty years!" And even the most zealous admirer of Trollope cannot swallow him whole. These are some reasons why for a while even the novels of Barchester were forgotten. A weightier cause of his passing oblivion was the sad truth that Trollope was dead. A rising generation can forgive anything more easily than bodily extinction. For the young a living dog is always better and greater than a dead lion. But Trollope, like other dead masters, has emerged at last from the darkness, and, despite his assiduity and his reverence for cobblers' wax, irrelevancies both, runs little risk of a second eclipse. His novels, as Hawthorne said, are "solid and substantial, written on the strength of beef and through the inspiration of ale." Henceforth they will endure not only for our solace and delight, but as a picture of the life of the English countryside, now ceasing to be. And his respect for truth is as clearly evident in his *Autobiography* as in his stories. He knew himself as well as he knew the persons of his dramas, and he spares no one of his creations less than he spares Anthony Trollope.

Solvency of the Irish Free State?

By C. H. Bretherton

OPTIMISM is a native Irish industry, however an industry based not on self-reliance but on successful mendicancy. For innumerable years before December, 1921, it was the business of successive British Governments to paint gold linings on the backs of Irish political clouds. The intelligent natives naturally made the front side of the clouds look as black as possible—and lived behind them. The Treaty changed all that, but the Southern Irish, rejoicing in their new-found freedom, did not realise it. Manna had always dropped from heaven; it would continue to do so. There promised to be a bit of a Sinn Fein faction fight, to be sure, because this new De Valera-MacSwiney-Childers breed of patriot absurdly refused to divide the spoils and the glory and live happily ever after, but everything would soon settle down, and the good old milch cow, the British Treasury, would step forward and register its approval of Gaeldom's philadelphic exercises by footing the bill for sticking plaster and a new set of ornaments for the mantelpiece. To the surprise of all concerned the Sinn Fein faction fight evolved into a struggle *à outrance* between the Irish Free State, as envisaged in the spirit as well as in the letter of the Treaty, and the Irish Republic. The Free State was victorious and Irish Republic Number One—where Ireland is concerned he who vaticinates is lost—is ripe for decent burial. When the fight started both were paper conceptions written, as far as the mass of the Southern Irish people were concerned, with the ink of optimism on the fair parchment of ignorance. Now the Free State is a fact. It may be about to enter on an era of prosperity that will make its effete and unenterprising neighbours green with envy. It may be about to dwindle into penurious and contemptible desuetude. In either case, the Irish Free State is there for what it is worth.

The purpose of this article is to consider just what, if anything, it is worth in terms of finance.

The little junket that, as Mr. George Russell sadly admits, has exorcised the cloud-capped Kelt from his brief pride of place in Irish politics cost the twenty-six counties a matter of sixty million cold pounds made up as follows: actual physical destruction, thirty millions; expenditure on military and police, measures for the protection of ministers and so forth, above peace requirements, fifteen millions; direct loss of trade, fifteen millions. The remote damages, including loss of national prestige, the complete moral disintegration of the nation's youth, the general decline of the spirit of enterprise and industry and an increased susceptibility to every kind of socio-political epidemic, are enormous, but they cannot be stated in terms of money. Moreover, there are certain substantial but incalculable advantages to be set against them. The pre-war Irish native had three masters—the policeman, the priest, and the politician. His repudiation of the authority of the first-named has cost him dear, but a part at least of the cost will ultimately be made up to him by his final rejection of the other two.

In considering the financial position of the Irish Free State we have to ask ourselves two separate and distinct questions: First, is the Free State as a community solvent, and if so to what extent? and secondly, is the Free State Government solvent, and if not what are its chances of becoming so? Right up to the time of the signing of the Treaty of Versailles—the contents of which can be explained on no other theory—it was generally assumed that the financial positions of a people and their Government must necessarily be identical. Now we know better. Germany has shown us that a nation can be solvent and even prosperous and oppose a bankrupt Government as a buffer between itself and its creditors. Great Britain has almost shown us that the reverse can also be true, that a nation composed of a vast number of individuals, most of whom cannot make ends meet, can face the world with a balanced budget and an unimpaired credit. When we turn again to Ireland one other factor must be borne in mind. No nation or community can be insolvent merely by owing itself money, while in testing the financial em-

barrassments of a Government its internal and external indebtedness lie upon the same plane. In December, 1921, the Free State emerged from the Treaty owing nothing to its own people. It was not required to raise a loan to set itself up in business or to assume any loan previously raised from them by the parent state. Out of the revenues newly placed at its disposal it had to finance the ordinary incidents of government. Beyond this its obligations were, with a single exception, external and with Britain as the sole creditor. The exception was the payment of property losses compensation for pre-Truce damage. The Treaty requires the Free State to assume the primary obligation for the whole of this damage, the British Government reimbursing it for as much of the damages as were found to have been caused by its own agents. The exact amount which the Free State will finally have to pay under this head is not yet known, as only a small proportion of the awards have yet been settled by the Shaw Commission. In its estimates for the current year the Free State Government puts a round sum of six millions against this item, and it is safe to assume that not more than one-third of the whole is payable ultimately by the British Government. It may therefore be said that the Free State was born with an initial internal indebtedness of about four million pounds. As regards external obligations, the position was a peculiar one, and the people of the twenty-six counties could be excused for regarding it as a subject for unusual optimism. There was a comparatively small but definite indebtedness that Clause 10 of the Treaty required the Free State to assume for pensions and superannuation allowances to retiring Irish Government officials and the R.I.C. Great Britain pays these charges and the Free State must repay the money to the British Treasury. When all the officials who are going to retire have done so, and the amount due from the Free State in respect of R.I.C. pensions is finally fixed, it will be found that the amount that the Treaty obligated the Free State to repay the Imperial Government in respect of these charges was an annual sum of somewhat less than two million pounds, the sum decreasing slightly as the superannuation allowances were paid and the pensionnaires died off. The only other indebted-

ness assumed by the Free State to Britain under the Treaty was the twenty-six counties' share of the war debt. No Irishman has ever taken this promise seriously, least of all the signatories to the Treaty. It was assumed that this debt, which nobody has ever attempted to reduce to figures, but which would perhaps be in the neighbourhood of three hundred million pounds, would set off against some even larger and quite nebulous sum which Britain is supposed to owe Ireland as the result of having over a period of a hundred years or so drawn more revenue from Ireland than was actually spent in the country. There is absolutely no well proven or equitable foundation for this claim, but every man, woman, and child in Southern Ireland has been taught by the propagandists to believe that for decades Great Britain has been " robbing " Ireland *via* the tax collector and the Treasury. The first doubts to be cast on the matter arose during President Cosgrave's budget speech in Dail Eireann in March last. Explaining that the revenue for the current financial year had fallen below what was expected, he explained this by saying that the Government's calculations had been based on the British Treasury figures estimating the Irish contribution to the Imperial revenue. Investigation, however, had shown that the British Treasury had over-estimated the Irish contribution, and that Ireland had, in fact, for a long time been credited with a greater contribution to the Imperial Exchequer than she had in fact made. Mr. Thomas Johnson, the Labour Leader in the Dail, referred to this as " the first of many fundamental disillusionments that the Irish people might be called upon to face." However, from the point of view of practical and immediate finance, the Free State share of the war bill may be ignored. It becomes important only when the question of credit comes to be considered.

A lump sum indebtedness of about four million pounds and an annual but steadily dwindling charge of about two million was not a heavy burden even for a small agricultural state, the more so seeing that its citizens' pockets were still substantially lined with war profits. Only to the superficial eye, however, was the position of the infant Free State a rosy one. Frugality is the curse as well as the saving grace of the Southern Irish. In some cases it

is a by-product of sloth, in others of Christianised superstition. An Irish landlady of the writer's once objected to his wearing a clean collar every day. Yesterday's, she remonstrated, was quite clean enough for all practical purposes, and God could not possibly approve of such extravagance. This is not an extreme instance. God in Ireland takes a very active interest in the minutiæ of His people's existence, and particularly in the expenditure of quite trifling sums. It is immaterial, however, why the Hibernian is frugal. The fact remains that he is, and his frugality is more accountable for the events of Irish history in the last hundred years or so than any other contributing cause. Normally, frugality begets capital, and capital in turn begets a higher standard of living, an increased desire for material possessions. These in turn increase industry and enterprise—the means to more wealth—and so civilisation progresses from the wolf skin and the wattle hut to motor cars and mansions in Park Lane. It would have so progressed in Ireland but for two things.

In the first place the Irish do not, like other races, respond to the stimulus of need by the exhibition of enterprise. In the second place they allow themselves one luxury that has always absorbed energies that should have been put to better uses and which threatens, now that they are their own masters, to absorb their financial strength. That luxury is, of course, turbulent politics. To the superficial eye the infant Free State was born with a silver spoon in its mouth. That there was a hornet's nest under its pillow was not so apparent. The hornets duly emerged, however, and to-day the internal indebtedness of the Free State is at least thirty million pounds greater than when the Treaty was signed. The actual sums claimed for post-Truce damage amount to between fifty and sixty millions, but allowing for exuberance on the part of the claimants, and the almost confiscatory provisions of the Property Losses Compensation Act, the sum that will finally have to be found cannot be less than thirty millions. This sum the people of Southern Ireland could find without any difficulty. No country in Europe probably could pay out so large a percentage of its capital wealth with so little adverse effect on its trade and industry, for the reason that no other country has so little of its capital wealth

invested in its own enterprises, and so much invested in the enterprises of its neighbours. The people of the twenty-six counties could pay up a hundred millions in hard cash and be little the worse for it. To get it, or even a fraction of it, out of them is another matter. The Free State Government, at the moment of writing, wants to borrow thirty millions or so to cover the various indebtednesses above specified. Whether it can get it in Ireland, and if so, how, and if not, why not, have next to be considered.

The internal obligations of a Government and of the people it governs lie on the same plane. This simply means that as a last resource the Government can commandeer the money lying in the banks and the Insurance Companies' vaults, and can send soldiers with bayonets to seize the stockings full of gold hidden under the mattress and up the chimney. In terms of ordinary finance, a Government may be no better able to borrow money from all its people to pay debts due to some of them than an external creditor is able to compel an insolvent Government to collect money from the solvent people it governs. The whole problem is regarded as one of credit, though in Ireland other factors than the ordinary questions of credit are certainly present. When the Free State Government —originally the Provisional Government—assumed office it was solvent. Since then it has completed one financial year and budgeted for a second. In the first year it went into debt in respect to the ordinary incidents of government to the tune of slightly less than four million pounds, a sum that was made good by temporary borrowing from the banks. For the current year the estimates are: Receipts, twenty-six millions odd; expenditure, forty-two millions odd. From this, however, must be deducted the sum of ten millions odd for property losses compensation. This is not, and should not be, a budget charge, and there never has been the slightest idea that it could ever be paid out of Free State Revenue. It has been inserted in two successive budgets, apparently with the sole object of showing the Government's good intentions. It seems likely that these estimates will be exceeded in the course of the year, as the Government has since assumed two additional obligations, the payment of pensions and dis-

ability gratuities to wounded Free State soldiers and the relatives of those killed fighting the British or the Republicans, and ten per cent. of the purchase money of the lands taken under the new Land Purchase Act, which is estimated to amount to two and a half million pounds. We may take it, therefore, that for the current year the Government will need about thirty-five million pounds for the ordinary business of running the country, and will take in twenty-seven at the best, but more probably about twenty-five million pounds in revenue. Where is the balance to come from? The Government's own private estimate is that it must get from somewhere a million a month over ordinary receipts between now and Christmas. There is first the question of over and above board borrowing. Mr. Cosgrave wants to float a twenty-five million pound domestic loan. He has been advised that it would be impossible to float a successful loan in Ireland before the next election, and that to ask for the money and not get it would destroy the Government's credit completely. Mr. Cosgrave claims that he can float a British Government guaranteed loan in London for that amount at, of course, a lower rate of interest than he would have to offer in Ireland, but that political considerations forbid this course. The Republicans would make capital out of the fact that the Free State Government was still going to England for its money. The Cabinet, who are all Irish politicians, doubtless exaggerate the effect of this propaganda, and underestimate the appeal which a foreign loan at a low rate of interest will make to the farmer who is now tormented with visions of his bank going broke as the result of making loans to a Government which some subsequent Labour or Republican Government will repudiate. I can find nothing tangible to support the belief that the British Government would guarantee an Irish loan in London, but it seems reasonably certain that if the loan were for a specific purpose, for example, to pay property losses compensation, it would do so. In any case, the loan has not materialised, and the question is to be asked, is the Government getting its million a month from extraneous sources? In this connection the British and Irish revenue figures for April and May of the current year are revealing. In these months last year, before the customs barrier came

into effect, the Irish figures were: Customs, £372,000; Excise, £2,502,000. This year the figures for the two months are: Customs, £1,105,000; Excise, £2,295,000. In other words, the Free State has collected this year in the two months over half a million more than last year, when it should, according to President Cosgrave's own admission in the Dail, be collecting less. The explanation is simple. The Free State is still collecting the whole of the Customs and Excise Duties paid by Guinness's brewery, and giving the British Treasury credit on paper for its share—between one-half and two-thirds of the whole—of the money. This extra seven or eight hundred thousand a month helps to keep the Free State pot boiling, but it can only be for a little time, and very soon Mr. Cosgrave must borrow from somewhere not only the thirty-four millions or so needed to pay property losses compensation of all descriptions, but the twelve millions odd that represent the difference between two years' expenditure and receipts. The material questions are, first, can the Government hold off having to make this loan until after the election? and secondly, if so, what will its political position, and depending on that its financial position, be then? If the Government handsomely defeats its enemies at the polls most of its problems are solved. It will be years, of course, before any Irishman will lend money to an Irish Government, but once the Republicans are disposed of the Government can go to London for its money and to Whitehall for its guarantee, undisturbed by political considerations. Even the reasonable economies in administration that the British Government would insist on—for example, the abolition of Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald's sixty thousand pound Ministry of External Affairs which busies itself exclusively with Republican propaganda—could be accepted without a political upheaval resulting. On the other hand, should the elections show any recrudescence of republican feeling, and the Pro-Treaty parties lose strength to the Labour and Republican groups, Southern Irish credit, already moribund, would disappear altogether, and the British Government would find itself able to come to the rescue, if at all, only on terms that would amount to civil reoccupation of the country.

The Wrecking of India

By Lord Sydenham of Combe

SOME years ago it was foretold that India would be lost at Westminster, and this prophecy did not indicate any profound insight into the future. Given a democratic Assembly in which not twenty members had any personal knowledge of the life and conditions of the great Asiatic sub-continent, with its amazing racial, religious, and caste antagonisms, the loss of India could be only a matter of time. No one would pretend to understand the problems of all Europe except Russia, which is the territorial equivalent of India, and the differentiation of her heterogeneous peoples is far more marked than the variations which Europe displays. A Swede is nearer in every respect to an Italian than a Pathan to a Tamil, or a Punjabi Mussulman to a Bengali. No one, and certainly no Indian, can really know India; and those of us who have studied the country during personal residence and striven to master its extraordinary history have only attained a partial and limited knowledge, which may be at fault. It was inevitable that Parliament, as now composed, might easily be induced to accept measures leading straight to the break-up of the only authority which could hold the jarring elements of India together, maintain law and order, and deal out even justice to nearly 320 millions of illiterate, excitable, and politically helpless Asiatics. Suddenly to apply in their case forms of government which have been the results of gradual evolution and are, even in the West, not conspicuously successful, could have only one result—the domination of a little oligarchy leading back to the chaos from which we, slowly and at great sacrifices, rescued the distracted India of the eighteenth century. This process of disintegration we are doomed to watch in the near future.

From the time when Lord Macaulay gave a misdirection to Western education in India, regarding it only as

a machine for creating useful subordinate servants of the East India Company, certain consequences were bound to follow. The Indian universities, started at an unfortunate period, were bad copies of a bad original, and while sweeping reforms have been carried out here, the greater changes required in India were strenuously resisted and most incompletely accomplished too late to be of any political value. Sir Alfred Lyall clearly saw what was happening, and that, in the multiplication of B.A.'s and lawyers for whom no useful occupation could be found, there was danger to the peace of India. We are, therefore, primarily responsible for the creation of the class of partly denationalised Indians into whose prentice hands Mr. Montagu blindly committed the destinies of India. It was perfectly natural that the *intelligentsia* should revolt against its creators, bitterly resent the white man's authority and demand ruling powers over the millions of Indians with whom it had lost touch and felt little real sympathy. Precisely the same course was taken by the Filippino, "illustrados," to whom President Wilson conceded authority which led in a few years to chaotic conditions amid general corruption. But a mistake, easily remedied in the simple conditions of the small Philippine Islands, with a comparatively homogeneous population, becomes a catastrophe on the gigantic field of India.

The war and the advent of Mr. Montagu provided, in full abundance, opportunities which the Indian politicians eagerly seized and turned to account. The Princes and Chiefs came forward splendidly, giving men, treasure, and personal service, while the fighting classes fought gallantly in every theatre of war. The strain upon the Home and Indian Governments was intense and the outlook was menacing, when Mrs. Besant, who had temporarily quitted theosophy for politics, suddenly launched her Home Rule movement, anticipating Indian action and uniting all the extreme elements, Hindu and Moslem, in an anti-British campaign which quickly increased in violence. Strings were pulled in many parts of the world, and the wildest falsehoods were widely circulated, to find acceptance in unexpected quarters. The enemies of the British Empire realised that in the East, as in Ireland,

there were chances, and from Berlin, and later from Moscow, trained missionaries and a propaganda of sedition were forthcoming. To promote revolution everywhere became a main object of Bolshevik policy; but special efforts were devoted to our Empire.

Mr. Montagu quickly responded to the growing agitation, and at a time when we were fighting for our lives he proceeded to tour a few of the great towns of India, interviewing Mrs. Besant and the more prominent politicians, but making no attempt to gain touch with the "rural classes," nearly 230 millions in British India alone, whom he accurately described as having "the greatest stake in the country, because they contribute most to its resources." In July, 1918, when the military situation on the Western Front was still grave, the astounding Montagu-Chelmsford Report appeared, in which the authors declared their intention of "deliberately disturbing . . . the contentment of the masses," because of "the faith that is in us." The catastrophic possibilities of this novel policy do not seem to have occurred to its authors.

The Report outlined the "reforms" which Mr. Montagu was incubating with the assistance of Mr. Lionel Curtis, the reputed draughtsman of the Irish Treaty, and the constructive proposals conflicted violently with "The Conditions of the Problem," which were stated with praiseworthy candour. The needs of the vast mass of Indian agriculturists were accurately described:

> A simple, cheap and certain system of law is one of his greatest needs. One of his constant needs is protection against the exactions of petty official oppressors.
>
> He has never exercised a vote on public occasions. . . . These facts make it an imperative duty to protect him while he is learning to shoulder political responsibilities.

Such were some of the premises of a Bill calculated to deprive the masses of India of their main protection against oppression while fulfilling none of their simple needs. The publication of this Report was the signal for intensified agitation in India,* where what the Report called the "politically minded" class had accurately gauged the mentality of the Secretary of State and realised

* Under the title *The Crumbling of an Empire*, the Indo-British Association has published an accurate chronicle of events in India during the reign of Mr. Montagu which no future historian can ignore.

his amenability to pressure. The Bill, therefore, went beyond the proposals of the Report, and further concessions were easily obtained by methods of intimidation. Mrs. Besant and numerous deputations, representing an insignificant minority of the peoples of India, arrived in London to give evidence and to gain personal touch with the Labour Party. Only English-speaking witnesses were heard, and the most important classes, including the fighting races, were excluded. It followed that the Bill was amended in the direction of weakening British authority and especially that of the Supreme Government which, as Lord Curzon had declared, ought to be left untouched. In a great hurry and with the assistance of the Kangaroo Closure, the most momentous Bill ever submitted to Parliament was passed and the fortunes of India were recklessly flung into the melting pot.

The reactions of Mr. Montagu's policy were many, grave and little understood. His main object was to propitiate the Indian agitators and to create tranquil conditions in which the democratic seedlings might attain verdant growth. He fondly believed in the existence of a strong moderate party which would accept his Reforms with rapture and prove able to curb the extreme elements. This illusion, as every one who knew India expected, was quickly dispelled. Never since the Mutiny have there been such grave disorders as the new policy entailed, and never did the Government show such weakness in enforcing the law—an unpardonable blunder among Asiatics. The natural results followed of which the "open rebellion"* in the Punjab and elsewhere, with an Afghan invasion intended to be synchronous, and the very serious Moplah rising were the outstanding examples. The Punjab was saved, as in 1857, by a few stout-hearted Britons and Indians, whom Mr. Montagu proceeded to throw over; the effects of unchecked incitements to revolution were never more clearly manifested or more deadly. Gandhi, the sinister apostle of Hindu reaction against Western ideals, was allowed to tour the country on railways and motor cars at his sweet will, and death followed him. Plain warnings of the revolt in Malabar

* The nomenclature of the Government of India, which afterwards belittled the appalling dangers of the situation.

were given; but the paralysis with which the Government of India had been inoculated prevented action in time, which would have saved thousands of lives and averted inhuman tortures and heavy losses. Political sentimentalism, claiming to champion liberty, signed the death warrants of large numbers of harmless victims of exploited credulity. The policy of the Secretary of State demanded not only that action should be deferred until fatal disorders had arisen, but that convicted persons should promptly be released. As Sir Michael O'Dwyer has pointed out, of 2,000 rebels convicted in 1919, 95 per cent. were released or amnestied within six months, including leaders who at once resumed their activities. As, further, the Indian Ministers selected under the new Act had nearly all been prominently anti-British, the belief that the Raj had ended, which was sedulously encouraged among the Indian peasantry, must have seemed well-founded.

Thus the general result of the policy of seeking to placate revolutionaries alike by legislation and by administrative leniency was to encourage the enemies of the Empire, to alienate our best Indian friends, to create universal distrust in our Government, and to assist the propagation of race hatred.

A loyal and influential Hindu expressed the feelings of many others, and especially of the warrior classes, in the pregnant question:

> How long can a Government endure from whom its friends have nothing to hope and its enemies nothing to fear?*

The opponents of the Act of 1920, who were derided as "reactionaries," gave the clearest warning of all that has happened. We pointed out that our first duty was to the inarticulate millions helplessly dependent upon the exercise of British authority. We declared that the Bill went far beyond the present political capacity of the Indian peoples and must confer oligarchical power upon a "limited *intelligentsia*," including their hereditary oppressors. We explained that the British Public Services which have made of India the greatest wonder of Asia would infallibly crumble away and, as Lord Lansdowne said, be "politically done to death." In a

* Quoted by Sir Michael O'Dwyer, *Weekly Dispatch*, April 22.

sentence, we thought only of the simple kindly masses for whom we cherished affection, and who had shown no desire for change.

After two and a half years' experience of the democratic constitution applied to the most aristocratic people, by instinct, tradition, and hereditary customs, left in the world, we are in a position to discern portents which cannot be disregarded. How far race hatred, vigorously inculcated by organised bodies, has penetrated the 250,000 villages of India, we cannot tell. We know only that the prestige of our countrymen has been shaken to its foundation, and that where a few years ago British men and women were as safe as in England, they are now liable to insult. The elections of 1920 proved that the great structure of popular government which our Liberal politicians believe to have been set up rests upon nothing.*

The Parliaments of India, supposed to be composed mainly of "moderates," have shown three ruling tendencies: (1) To defeat their Governments on all possible occasions, thus weakening all authority in India; (2) to starve the forces on which public order depends, and to remove safeguards proved to be essential; and (3) to eliminate the British elements in the Public Services. A new election is due at the end of this year, which must prove a gamble in the safety of India.

Such are some of the direct and visible effects of Mr. Montagu's policy. The indirect effects are, perhaps, more immediately alarming. The great Public Services are withering at the top and dying at the roots. The Indian Civil Service, the finest body that any nation has produced, was literally, as Mr. Lloyd George discovered too late, the "steel frame" upon which the whole structure of the Raj and the liberty of the Indian peoples depended. Its members were accustomed to serve under Indians trained in the same mill; but they had British officials to appeal to, and they could count on the support of their Governments. This has all been changed. Indian politicians, inexperienced and often hostile, con-

* The Indian Assembly which now mainly rules India, was elected by 180,000 persons, supposed to represent 250,000,000. The constituencies of the eight Provincial Councils number 5½ millions, of whom only about 1¼ millions voted, and some of the electoral proceedings were farcical.

trol their work, while they are subject to disgraceful attacks which they are now forced to meet by legal proceedings. The District Officer, whose annual tours brought him into touch with the villagers, who trusted implicitly in his justice, now finds the agitator with friends in the Councils standing between him and the people he lived to serve. Mr. Lionel Curtis warned British officials in India that they would have to look on while injury was being done to the people; but that is a condition which every man of conscience and honour may find impossible. He can, as a subordinate, carry out orders which he knows to be wrong; but who could be ex-expected to be loyal to a diarchy? To the Indian civil servant, dealing with matters closely affecting the life of the people at all points, the total change of conditions may easily become intolerable; but the other Services also suffer in varying degrees, and perhaps especially the police, which never had a sufficiency of British officers. Men with invaluable experience are, therefore, now retiring as soon as possible, or taking reduced pensions to enable them to leave India prematurely; while, at the other end, recruiting has ominously fallen away. It will follow that Western standards can no longer be maintained, and that such powers as remain with the Government cannot be exercised for want of British agents. Already crime has greatly increased in many parts of India, and corruption, which we were able to check but never wholly to eliminate, is beginning to flourish. Within a few years the masses will realise that they have lost the protection that their British officers gave them, and may bitterly resent the betrayal of our trust.

Mr. Montagu's Constitution could only have been set up by British officials; it can be maintained in operation only by British military force, and if we were to stand aside, as the extremists demand, it would fall to pieces. There remains the all-embracing problem of the defence of India from external aggression. We are now expected to give Home Rule to a congeries of races utterly unable to protect themselves, and we have already so far abdicated financial and other authority as to add greatly to the difficulties of military preparations. It was Gandhi's boast that he had anticipated his Moslem colleagues in working

to corrupt the Indian Army—the fine force which has shown devoted fidelity in many parts of the world, but is absolutely dependent on the personal qualities of its British officers, with the prestige of the Raj behind them.

The situation in non-British India with 70,000,000 of population, where the Princes and Chiefs are anxiously watching events, cannot here be discussed. Where so much is at present dark, it is impossible to forecast the future. The fate of India depends upon authority, justly but firmly exercised. We have dangerously weakened the forces which alone can hold the Indian peoples together and lead them gradually towards autonomy. We have let loose catastrophic forces, always latent in India, the strength of which we cannot measure. "Self-determination," as Mr. Lansing said, is "loaded with dynamite." Had he in mind the sudden application of President Wilson's panacea to 320,000,000 Asiatics?

Germany Re-visited

By Austin Harrison

PERHAPS the salient feature of Germany five years after the Armistice is the reality of a new Germany, and it is at once the hope and despair of the candid observer. To anyone, like myself, who has known Hohenzollern Germany since 1897, the change is almost comic. The "mailed fist" has gone. To-day, Germany is a genuine democracy. All the old forms and structures have passed away. I wandered about the streets of Berlin for five days without seeing a helmet.

There can be no question but that the Republic is firmly seated in the saddle. The old "Kaiser-idea" is dead—the Emperor destroyed himself when he married again; and military reasons all speak against him. Except in Bavaria, where the special agricultural interest makes for a Monarchical movement, there is no Kaiser mood or myth left, and even in Bavaria the separatist tendency has been killed dead by the Ruhr sanctions which have united or reunited Germans almost to a man in defence of the Reich.

To cite a few differences. To-day, one rings up the Chancellor, the Foreign Minister, then the President. You call upon the heads of government without any formalities and in what suit, tie, or boots you please. I don't think any nation in the world is so little formal as post-war Germany, and in a whole month I have not seen a single portrait, bust or token of any member of the Royal family, dead or alive.

The immense change is reflected in the public. In place of the bristling upturned moustache, Germans wear the toothbrush; many are clean-shaved. Men no longer stare in restaurants, and towards their women a notable easing of manner testifies to the curious revolution which has turned sixty millions of people from war to a philosophy of peace. The horses—poor, jaded nags—are far

better treated. The pre-war swagger and aggressiveness have gone. The young rather favour long hair. The women go about quite freely alone. Modern Germany is a nation of quiet civilians frankly conscious that they lost the war, demanding only one thing—daylight: the opportunity, that is, to know how much they are to pay in Reparations and how they are to get out of the terrible financial bog which threatens to engulf them.

This bog, of course, is the all-absorbing problem. Her entire people have become daily gamblers, living on speculation. At first, the mark surfeit was regarded as a good joke; the working-classes fingered their thousands of marks with short-sighted favour; then, when the flight from the mark became the cry, the paper went into shares which rise as the mark falls, to the utter demoralisation of business principles such as (1) saving, (2) sanctity of contract, (3) rights of property—all three of which to-day, in the conditions obtaining, are disregarded and perforce broken.

For instance, no man saves, because, when money constantly loses value, only a fool keeps money. Similarly, the laws of property have been completely upset by the capital levy, by settlements in bad money by institutions, people and government, by mortgages paid off in sums nine thousand times less than their gold value, thus rendering futile all contracts, which can only possess a twenty-four hours' monetary stability. A man pays off a £5,000 mortgage to-day with 7½d. The inflation of the mark has led to a prices revolution which is the hourly topic in the land. At first wages adapted themselves easily enough to monetary inflation, because the working classes are splendidly organised, while rents were kept down by law. This, of course, gave industry an expropriation monopoly—at the expense of the house-owner, who has, in money values, lost his capital. Thus the middle classes have been wiped out—in reality robbed out of house and home. Men who had £200,000 capital in 1918 to-day have nothing. The paper mark or disownership monetary policy has ruined the entire middle classes, who are no longer capitalists. Only three classes remain: agriculture, organised labour, and business—the expropriators and the expropriated. The recent catastrophic

fall of the mark has again brought about a crisis. Within the last three weeks prices have in many instances doubled. No man believes any longer in the possibility of saving the mark, and now great difficulty is experienced in financing the imports of raw materials necessary to Germany's existence. In a word, Nemesis is at hand. The inflation problem is at last seen to be not one merely of distribution, at the expense of the owning classes, but in the last analysis of *production*. German industry is at stake, for without credit to buy abroad, it cannot thrive, cannot export, and is, on the existing world purchasing-power, over-built. A fearful crash would seem the only way to a constructive clearance.

It is important to realise Germany's paper condition, because all estimates of her capacity to pay reparations turn on the question of the stablised mark and of Germany's eventual industrial capacity to take the necessary exports surplus, which, of course, is the only means by which she can pay. Here, Russia obviously plays a decisive part. Without Russia, Germany cannot hope to earn a big surplus, whereas with a recovering Russia Germany's potential remains an enigma. It is the elimination of Russia that really reduces German capacity to a doubtful figure; there is also the absolute fact of Germany's real impoverishment by the Treaty.

By the Treaty, Germany has lost 10 per cent. of her population; one-eighth of her area—the best agricultural area; 25 per cent. of her coal; 74 per cent. of her iron-ore; 68 per cent. of her zinc-ore; 15 per cent. of her wheat and rye production; 18 per cent. of the potato crop. Germany in consequence has become a large buyer of food, and, since the Ruhr occupation, is a large importer of coal. In recent months the German coal imports for home consumption exceeded the monthly Reparation deliveries. As everywhere, labour is not so efficient as before the War, and the eight-hours' day has sensibly reduced production both in quality and quantity. An enormous amount of real wealth, *i.e.*, property, etc., has passed into the hands of foreigners who have purchased estate in Germany or has become dissipated in paper marks. The " prosperity " of shop-window Germany is an artificiality which has no foundations.

In truth, the standards of life have gone down absolutely, and to-day the home market, but for the army of foreigners engaged upon picking up bargains, is reduced to a necessity standard. The consumption of meat shows a reduction of 42 per cent. on the consumption in the year 1913; the consumption of potatoes has decreased by 51 per cent.; the consumption of beer has fallen from 102 litres in 1913 to 38 litres in 1920-21, *per capita*. There is a great shortage of houses, approximately 1,400,000. The workers' wages, though constantly increasing with the fall of the mark, are about 30 per cent. under the pre-war standard on the prices index figure. In other respects, the salaries are very low; thus, a professor at the Berlin University gets now under 2,000,000 marks a month—that is, £6 10s., equivalent in internal purchasing powers to, at the most, £23 a month—and were it not for the paper profits of gambling in shares whole sections of the community would be impoverished beyond the point of endurance. The pensions paid to war widows, orphans, invalid soldiers, etc., are extraordinarily low. In every city the mortality is rising. The old are being left to die. There are only 14,000 German students in the universities, as against 23,000 in pre-war days. Many of the high-schools are closing. At one school in Berlin, 80 per cent. of the boys had no shirts. The poverty in the intellectual world is real and terrible. No foreign books can be bought. Naturally, all the arts are suffering acutely, and in many professions, such as teaching, there is no opening for a decade owing to the number of Germans for whom places have had to be found who have been driven out of the areas given to the Poles, the Czechs, etc. It is no exaggeration to say that the scientific and intellectual world of Germany is struggling for existence. Life offers small outlook to a young man in the liberal professions; business is the only thing, and the universities, which have lost their funds, are starving, and but for the foreign students could not go on.

Compared with 1913, German imports have decreased in value by 45 per cent., exports by 62 per cent. All German Reparation deliveries mean exports without an equivalent: *i.e.*, they produce no balancing import of foreign goods. In other words, a considerable portion of

German labour toils, like the mark, unproductively to the world in general, condemning an equivalent in foreign labour to idleness. When we estimate German capacity this factor should receive due attention. It is largely the cause of our unemployment and, *per contra*, of the German lack of unemployment on any large scale: Reparation deliveries are non-productive to both giver and receiver.

The economic position of Germany is that of an insolvent debtor. The Germany with a great purchasing-power is no more, and there is no equivalent in the new Europe, and assuredly cannot be so long as Russia has no credit. It is thus difficult to see how the best customer of pre-war Europe can become in her greatly impoverished state the best debtor, except as the potential of Russian reorganisation and reconstruction. German capacity to pay Reparations depends upon the capacity of others to buy from her.

Now the whole of new Europe is a tangle of hatreds, frontiers, tariffs, exchange impossibilities and obstructions to trade. Thus, the only solution for Austria would seem the hope that some American sportsman might buy it to shoot over. Without Russia, America is Germany's food reservoir. With about 12,000,000 Germans under foreign control, as is to-day the case in the Ruhr, Germany is a huge industrial machine without a market. The problem of Reparations lies in European purchasing-power by which alone Germany can acquire a favourable trade balance sufficient to enable her to pay regular annuities, and this depends quintessentially upon the development of Russia within or without the credit orbit. As a poor seller, Germany cannot pay a large indemnity, that is obvious. The question is: (1) How is she to become a large seller again? (2) Do we want her to regain her commercial prosperity? If not, then looking for big sums out of an impoverished Germany, situated in an impoverished Europe, will prove an unprofitable investment to both creditor and debtor.

We greatly over-estimate German capacity, as Germany is to-day situated. The mark is driving things to an ever-increasing chaos, and only when the stabilisation crisis has been weathered and accounts have been settled, politically and economically, will it be really possible to say

whether in thirty years Germany can pay £3,000,000,000, or, as the very highest authorities here assert, only some £1,500,000,000. In and with Russia, Germany conceivably could pay £2,500,000,000 in forty years, given a three-years' moratorium, freedom of trading facilities, and a stabilised exchange; but without a recovering Russia, German payments can hardly exceed £75,000,000 a year during the next decade, and cannot amount to anything until she has obtained stability and passed through the terrible crisis inevitably associated with the stoppage of any inflated printing press. Yet the spectacle of Austria is comforting.

Outwardly, Vienna has recovered. The streets look gay once more; the money crisis has passed. The new crisis is in prices now rapidly rising to the exchange parity, in some cases exceeding it. For such is the strange paradox of the money problem—the lower the money falls the higher prices rise; and now that she is stabilised Austria finds herself approaching the gold price, which, needless to say, is of poor use to her. But for the swarms of speculators and semi-Oriental *schieber*, or profiteers, the shops of Vienna would be in a parlous state.

I cannot find any agreement here, even from those who have lost fortunes, with the theory that German paper inflation was deliberate; indeed, it is a curious fact that even the beggared do not blame the Government. Inflation was a war legacy, due to the German method of financing the War by Treasury bonds which automatically became money. At the end of the War Germany was forced to buy raw materials in huge quantities, and, having no credit, she could only pay in marks, which immediately lost value. Reparation clearing payments swept away the thin pretence of a currency attached to any directive control such as gold, and so inevitably the output became a deluge supported by the Reichsbank in the shape of general reconstruction lender. The Ruhr occupation has precipitated the fall disastrously, owing to the huge amount of wages paid out in return for nothing, and now the wild speculation in foreign currencies visible on all the main streets has made the mark a purely speculative token. One morning the mark is quoted 60,000 to the dollar; an hour later it is 81,000; in the afternoon, 74,000.

In such conditions "pegging" would seem out of the question, and the last attempt to peg met with conspicuous failure. The fact is, no man expects any recovery. Business is regularly done on a forward basis of speculative depreciation. The mark is merely a means to acquire stocks and shares which still lag far behind the monetary depreciation, like wages, etc. All this, of course, strengthens only one class—big business or the trusts, who are to-day, in consequence, the lords of new Germany. They are the new feudal or robber barons, and, politically, they are Germany's chief difficulty, and are as a class quite unpolitical.

The Government stands between organised labour and the industrialists, consciously weak, almost the flotsam of developments. On the whole, if and when it comes to a trial of strength, Labour would appear likely to win, or at least hold its own, for Socialism here is definitely opposed to Bolshevism, and the former revolutionaries of Marxian theory are pretty generally recognised to-day as the pillars of an ordered State. The ex-saddler President is generally popular, reputed even the cleverest man in the Government. He lives the very simple life. One may truly say that Communism in Germany will only be a danger if the bottom falls out as the result of failure to arrive at a settlement of Reparations, and dear food drives the people to despair. If nothing happens as the result of the last German Note, this Government will almost inevitably fall; there will be food riots, the mark will go to 500,000 or 1,000,000 to the £, and chaos will supervene: so much is generally expected here. For the working people are suffering a good deal, in particular the women, constantly grappling with rising prices and a falling purchasing power. The wonder is that they remain so quiet. But underneath there is a considerable revolutionary spirit, and the logic of the universal remark, "It cannot be much worse, whatever happens," is gaining ground even among tradesmen and shopkeepers and the young, who, oddly enough, seem to feel Germany's position more sensitively and to estimate it more accurately than the older generation.

Politically, the situation may be summed up easily. The politics are in the hands of Labour; economics are in

the hands of the Industrialists; in between, a weak, rather pathetically tolerated Government seeks to stave off revolution and collapse, within and without. No one seems to be able to forecast any alternative Government, should the German Note fail to lead to a basis for constructive economic negotiations.

The plain truth is that Germany is sadly unready for "self-determination." She has never had a democratic soul or attitude, and her politicians have always been fiercely party. In a public debate it is difficult to get a man to rise and speak—such is not the habit or inclination of the German. The country is democratically at sea—so much so that even the Opposition fear the fall of Dr. Cuno's Government, and even the Socialists have no longing for office. What could they do against an ever-depreciating currency? This fact is widely understood, and is in itself a safeguard. Master of Germany is the printing-press. To stop it, some kind of a settlement of Reparations is the *a priori* condition, and unless a settlement is arrived at permitting of stabilisation, Germany must sink into a chaos the end of which no man can foresee, the time is coming when German covert unemployment—emergency work, short time, etc.—will become real unemployment as business finds it more difficult to finance the necessary imports of raw materials; then, when shares reach the toppling-over figure there will be no buyers, and no longer any haven for the mark to "fly" to, except back again into paper. The end will then be reached, and no Bourgeois Government could survive it. If it comes to that crash, some form of Communist stage would seem very probable, for men will have nothing to lose, and any experiment may seem worth trying. Such is the outlook, failing a Reparations settlement. In that case, all standards of life in Europe will decline for many years, for Germany is still the central arterial market system, and her collapse must affect, more or less disastrously, all Europe. If there are statesmen left, this fact should certainly engage their anxious attention.

Reviewing the whole situation in Germany, the unbiassed observer is forced to the conclusion that not only the Government but the German people are now, at any rate, perfectly ready to pay Reparations so far as it is

humanly possible to gauge the capacity of a country to pay sums which before 1914 would have been regarded as impossible. Germany being inwardly and outwardly positively bankrupt, the real issue depends upon Europe—will European purchasing power increase? Will Russia remain Communist, *i.e.*, without a credit system? To wait for Russia may well prove a dangerous experiment. The only statesmanlike course would seem for Britain to redress the balance of peace, as she redressed that of war.

Granted a moratorium of three years, and a loan of, say, £10,000,000 (gold) to effect stabilisation, Germany could certainly pay £50,000,000 to £75,000,000 in annuities for the first ten years; after which, a neutral court of arbitration could decide upon the annual figure, and France could be paid immediately in bonds. Practically, all German savings have been wiped out. The argument that with a £2,000,000,000 Reparations debt, Germany, having obliterated her internal debt, would be far better off than Britain with a £7,000,000,000 debt on gold, which she has not wiped out, sounds logical enough, but it is, of course, incorrect. Germany can only get on by a series of internal loans which she will have to raise; she will on gold almost inevitably have great unemployment and high prices—in short, very much the conditions obtaining in England owing to the general decline of European purchasing power, production and distribution; and, deprived of real capital or of the nation's savings, her economics will for a long period be exceedingly problematic. No doubt she could, after stabilisation, balance her budget; she did just before the Ruhr occupation almost succeed; but how she is to obtain a sufficiently favourable balance of trade to pay anything like the sums hitherto spoken about remains a mystery, except, as before said, as the reorganiser of Russia, which again seems equally problematic. What really has injured Germany as a debt-payer is the new political Europe, which in pre-war days was a Free Trade zone from Hamburg to Trieste, from the Rhine to Roumania and Turkey. Given a stabilised currency, there would be a real improvement; but the mad money values have set up impassable barriers: thus it costs five times as much to go by train from Berlin *via* Prague to Vienna as it does the

roundabout way avoiding Bohemia with her gold exchange. In these economic conditions each country, deprived here of a selling power, there of a purchasing power, is an isolation doomed to declining standards which only settled monetary conditions, thus promoting trade, can alter. The whole problem of Europe is essentially monetary stability; nor, until the paper countries are placed upon a stabilised basis, will it be possible to judge how the new economic Europe will function: who ultimately will benefit, who lose, and what remedial measures may not in the general interest perforce have to be taken. In estimating German capacity, this aspect is acutely relevant.

It comes to this. The economic problem of the Reparations depends largely upon Russia—who is the great European question. Without a credit-Russia, Germany clearly is limited to her interest-paying capacity; but the whole question is stabilised money. Here, Reparations are the key. There will and can be no improvement until the central market knows what it has to pay and how it is to pay the sums demanded. One half of Europe consumes its (gold) wealth in armaments and armies, the other half fritters away its (paper) wealth in the stock exchange. On both sides production is thus non-productive, real purchasing power sinks and will continue to sink: the paper nations cannot buy, the gold nations cannot sell—all over Europe markets are as the flag, *i.e.*, artificial; congested food rots, ships are laid up, warehouses are stocked with unsaleable materials, devouring milliards of money issued without any equivalent balance of wealth or production. The intricate pre-war system of mutual exchange between the countries has been upset. The disease is spreading slowly, levelling down standards everywhere. Only a big common financial policy of stabilisation can hope to rescue what is left to be rescued or restore European purchasing power to anything like its pre-war state.

That is a very important British interest, and if Britain takes up this enormously complex problem firmly she can at least re-establish a working economic basis, the foundation of which must be stabilised currencies. If she succeeds, she will have won not only the War but the purpose of the War—the Peace; and she will be hailed as the deliverer of the Western world.

Bernard Shaw as a Thinker (ii)

The Persistency of Undesirable Conditions

By Henry Arthur Jones

Mr. Shaw notices another uniformity which has been repeated in all these past civilisations. He points out that in "*no human record can we find a single civilised nation or empire in which more than one-tenth of the population could feel sure of their daily bread from one year to another.*"

Here again we ask, If this insecurity about the next year's provender has been a main and conspicuous feature of human existence, repeated in all past civilisations in all past ages, what good reason is there to suppose that it will not be repeated in the next civilisation, or at best will not be sensibly diminished? Seeing that it has been a constant universal experience of mankind for hundreds of thousands of years, why should we think we are going to be relieved from it within the next five, or fifty, or a hundred years? Who is the *Deus ex machina*? Where is he coming from? What favouring wind from what blessed depths of starry space will waft him hither to annihilate political economy, and banish for ever the winter of man's perennial discontent with his lot?

But if a high degree of uncertainty of provision for the future has been constant and universal in all nations that have been organised into civilised communities, we may be sure that there has been a much higher degree of uncertainty in all savage hordes and tribes and uncivilised nations. The hazards of existence, the precariousness of the safeguards against want and starvation in any community, are plainly in rough proportion to the inferiority and backwardness of its civilisation. Mr. Shaw estimates that, even in the highest civilisations, no more than one in ten of the population has been able to feel sure of his daily bread from one *year* to another. If we could go back to

the time when man was beginning to creep upwards from the ape, we should find that not one of his race could then be certain of provender from one *day* to another. Compare this state of things with the general condition of our race today, and an enormous amelioration is seen to have taken place. But the fact that it has taken mankind immeasurable ages to reach our present moderate degree of security from starvation, is surely a stern warning to us not to expect any great or sudden acceleration of the rate of progress in the immediate future.

A form of Communism, that is a lack of most of those desirable things which we possess as private property, is the normal state of most savage tribes. So far as Communism has been practised in Russia, so far its wretched people have moved backwards towards the condition of savages. Civilisation may be shortly defined as the possession of private property, the strict marking off by law of what belongs to you and what belongs to me, so that we may not be perpetually fighting for every piece of property, until all of us come to be fighting each other for the bare necessities of life. Communism and Socialism are a reversal of the processes by which man has gradually bettered his conditions of living, insomuch that whereas formerly not a single member of his race could be sure of his bread for a single day, a considerable proportion of us are to-day fairly well assured of it for a year to come, and perhaps one in ten of us is so fully assured for the future that in every modern civilisation there is a leisured class. I shall return to the consideration of this leisured class, and shall show what it signifies. Meantime, we will constate that during many hundreds of thousands of years an increasing proportion of mankind have been able to insure themselves against a precarious livelihood and the prospect of want and starvation. As a matter of fact, everybody in England to-day is practically insured against actual immediate starvation. Apart from the consequences of the War, much fewer numbers in proportion are dying from starvation in our modern civilisation than at any time in the history of man. The progress has been very slow, but when we take a wide view it has been very marked, and intermittently progressive.

Now let us ask why the progress has been so slow. How is it that large numbers of our population are not able to

insure themselves against very uncomfortable circumstances for more than a year? Seeing that these undesirable conditions have been, as Mr. Shaw asserts, the lot of the vast majority of men in all modern and in all ancient civilisations, we may be tolerably sure that there are permanent causes for them, that they are inherent in the basic terms upon which Nature admits men to a tenancy upon this earth. What are these permanent causes? There are two main ones into which all the others may be resolved. One of these main causes is a material cause, and is to be found in the nature of things. The other is a moral and spiritual cause, and is to be found in the nature and character and conduct of men themselves. We will first examine the material cause, inasmuch as we shall find that to some extent it involves the moral and spiritual cause.

Mr. Shaw does not seem to suspect the existence of any permanent material cause for these undesirable conditions of existence. He condemns civilisation offhand, because, even at its best, it has not assured more than one in ten of any community a certainty of daily bread for more than one year in advance. He seems to imply that everybody can and ought to be assured for life, or at least that a much greater proportion of us can and ought to be assured for a much longer period than one year. Further, he implies that this beneficent universal change in the fortunes of mankind can be suddenly brought about, or can be very greatly accelerated. Further, he implies that this beneficent universal change is to be accomplished by the destruction of our present social order. Further, he implies that this beneficent universal change can be accomplished by the imposition of some form of Socialism or Communism—that is, by the same agencies which, as daily events are showing, tend to destroy all social order, and to push us back towards those primitive conditions of life from which all past and present civilisations have to some extent delivered us. All these are, I think, legitimate inferences from Mr. Shaw's words.

Now let us search for the permanent causes of these permanent undesirable conditions of existence, the law that regulates the degree of uncertainty of provision for future daily bread, and also regulates the number of those who suffer from being brought under its operation.

The Material Cause.

It lies plainly on the surface. Clearly, the degree of general security against a failure of daily bread in any community varies according to the security and abundance of the harvests within their reach. Harvests are strictly annual. The greater part of the corn grown in any year is consumed within the following year. There are varying years of dearth and years of plenty. Therefore, even if social and political arrangements were perfect, a very large number of us could not possibly be assured our daily bread for more than a year. If for a year, or for a succession of years, any community has bountiful harvests, or gains increased access to other people's harvests, immediately the members of that community multiply, and thereby increase the number of those who are competing for daily bread, and thus lower the proportion of them who can be insured against its scarcity. Malthus is deaf to our prayers and curses, and laughs at our attempts to elude him.

A system of enforced Birth Control offers us the only promise of escape from Malthus, a somewhat longer and larger security of daily provender. Sterilisation of the physically and mentally unfit has been powerfully and cogently advocated. If it could be brought into universal operation, doubtless in the course of a generation or two the average physique of our population would be greatly raised, and we should have a race of manual labourers who would be better fitted to endure the inevitable hardships of their conditions, and who would be therefore more satisfied with their lot. But sterilisation of the unfit is scarcely likely to be enforced in England for many years to come. It is a thorny question, and our politicians are likely to fight shy of it. The Labour Party have their heads full of plans which, so far from sterilising the unfit and imbecile, will shelter them from extinction and will give them scope and encouragement to multiply exceedingly in the land.

Birth Control, in the form of avoidance of large families, is already largely practised by the middle and upper classes of all civilised nations. It is too early to be confident of the results or even to guess them, so enormous and so potent must be those reactions which have not yet had time to declare themselves. These fatal reactions!

These stumbling-blocks that Nature delights to put in the paths of Social Reformers and Uplifters! A Lady Uplifter, ignorant or defiant of the fate that dogs people whose mission in life is to make everybody think and act like themselves, went to the East End of London with the very laudable intention of instructing a bevy of slum girls in the duties and responsibilities of marriage. She was as much out of touch with her audience as the manager who produces Shakespeare in a West End theatre. Grins and giggles and smiles and nudges were the only response she got. The slum girls belonged to that large and increasing class who are constitutionally incapable of regarding marriage as a serious institution.

The discovery of preventives to birth, and the increasing custom amongst the middle and upper classes of limiting their families to one or two children, must provoke many astonishing and incalculable reactions. Seeing that the avoidance of large families is, and will be, chiefly practised by the more prudent, thrifty, responsible, and far-seeing citizens; seeing that it is, and will be, generally disregarded by the improvident, irresponsible and reckless masses, we may ask whether this will not leave more and more room in the world for the weak, the unfit, and the degenerate to multiply.

Is not some of our present unrest, discontent and insurrection due to the fact that the prudence and foresight of our more intelligent and self-respecting citizens in the avoidance of large families, is allowing a larger space and liberty to the imprudence of our poorer classes to breed a larger number of children who will never be willing or able to do their fair share of necessary toil? Is it not the declared policy of Labour to throw upon the State the maintenance of as many children as anybody and everybody may choose to bring into the world? Is not France in great peril because her mothers have withheld themselves from replenishing her population? Would not the constant practice of limiting white American families ultimately give all the large south of the Continent to the dominance of the negroes? Will not the increasing prevalence of limiting the family amongst the more advanced and civilised nations, diminish their proportional numbers and sap their strength in comparison with the

black and coloured races? And will not that provoke the disaster of a world war in the day when these subject races shall have command of the secrets of scientific warfare?

The limitation of the family is a matter that is labyrinthine in its implications and possible consequences. We do not settle, we scarcely approach the question, when we say that mothers ought not to damage their health by bringing too many children into the world, and that individual couples ought not to have more children than they can prosperously and healthily rear. Of course they ought not. But " A fig for your ' ought-nots,' " cries She-who-must-be-obeyed, and instantly prods every opulent little slut of the bye-ways and groves, every " pretty snug hussy " in the alleys and slums of the world, to defeat us. Our " ought-nots " will never prohibit the main instincts of mankind. " Carry on," She commands, and so far as the wise and the thrifty refuse to people the earth, the business will be eagerly and joyfully pursued by the feeble, the lazy, the unfit and the vicious.

We shall leave this perplexing question mainly in Her hands who has looked all round and through it. She will settle it in her own leisurely, wasteful, unfathomable way. She will not settle it according to our notions and specifications and ought-nots. She knows Her own elect, and all that we can safely affirm is, that She will settle it in their favour. The nepotic old lady!

Some system of birth control is the only means of eluding the Malthusian Law, which regulates the number of mankind who can be assured of daily bread. But even if some workable scheme of birth control should be devised and enforced, it can only be in a future that is negligible for the purposes of our present discussion. The fact that harvests are annually raised and annually eaten, connotes that a large number of us cannot possibly be assured of our daily bread for more than a year. We have seen that in the course of countless ages and countless civilisations, an ever increasing proportion of mankind have been able to insure themselves against the worst degrees of want and starvation.

This gradual betterment of human conditions has been shared by all classes, but very unequally. We live in a world of inequalities. This gradual betterment of human

conditions has roughly corresponded with the abundance and security of the world's harvests, and has fluctuated with the fluctuations in the amount of the annual crops. Improvement has necessarily been very slow, because it has depended chiefly upon the slow reclamation of wild land, upon its slow adaptation to tillage and pasture, and upon the slow development and acquisition of implements and machinery.

As the ascent of man from the ape and savage has been gradually quickened through the ages, so in strict relation has been the increased proportion of those who have been able to insure themselves against starvation for more than a year. Mr. Shaw asserts that it has never been greater than one in ten. An exact calculation cannot be made. Certainly many more of our English workers could more comfortably insure themselves for longer periods if they would study and accept inevitable economic laws, instead of striking and voting against them.

Nothing more than the loosest general estimate can be made of the proportion of our population whose daily bread is fairly assured for more than a year. But we can safely say that the proportion has always been a very low one, and that it remains a low one to-day, even in the highest civilisations. We may, however, take heart when we look back and see that from the beginning the proportion has gradually risen, and that it has risen at an increased rate of speed.

We have good warrant for thinking that during coming generations the proportion of those who will be able to insure themselves comfortably against starvation for more than a year will be sensibly raised. The constant advance of inventions and scientific discoveries will probably tend increasingly to the amelioration of the lot of the working classes, and will increasingly provide them with the comforts and conveniences of life. For instance, the filching of nitrogen from the air will probably be a powerful agent in this amelioration. The utilisation of the tides would be an even more powerful agent. The unlocking for the service of man of the energy imprisoned in the atom would speedily evolve from us a race of human beings more unlike and remote from ourselves than we are from the uncouth lemurs from whom we sprung.

But this is a far cry into the future. For the present

we must willy-nilly continue to improve and multiply our machines, and to invent new ones. We are bound to their wheels and embraced by their cogs. Pious founders of garden cities, take note. While you are measuring off a few acres and dotting them with dubiously artistic red-gabled homes for the purified select of the suburbs, the great masses of our proletariat are clamouring for our noble landscapes, that they may make of them sprawling unpurified suburbs of our Sheffields.

For the present, we are bound hand and foot to our machines. If we smash them, we shall all starve. We must stoke them and keep them going, and multiply and improve them, and set their wheels whizzing at an ever faster rate. For, so far as can be discerned, without some miraculous transformation of human nature, these damnable machines are the only means whereby a few more of us than one in ten may assure ourselves of daily bread for more than a year. Do we propose to abolish or reduce the number of our machines, and release the workers who are tending them hour after hour, day after day, year after year? Then, in that measure we propose to reduce the number of those who will be able to insure themselves against starvation, even for a week.

We can only even slightly increase the number of the insured for a slightly longer period than a year, by employing a greater proportion of captives to tend a greater number of improved machines. That is to say, if this undeniable precariousness of livelihood is to be even slightly ameliorated, it will be at the cost of making the daily round of a larger proportion of our population more mechanical and unspiritual; at the cost of confirming them in dead mechanical habits of thought; and in spoiling larger stretches of our landscapes.

Is that what we desire? Surely anyone who even faintly guesses the wearing anxiety and hopelessness of many of our workers in their constant dread of unemployment would welcome any means that offered a prospect of relief even to only a few of them. Surely anyone who can see the problem as a whole will curse the Socialist quacks who pass legislation that does but hatch a larger brood of weaklings who will be unable to face the inevitable hardships of life.

We are living on this actual earth, in our present century, inevitably wedged into our environment. We are not living in Mr. Wells' International Collectivist Paradise. William Morris was in many respects one of the greatest men whom I have known. But Morris tried to jump out of his century, and to get everybody else to jump. We cannot jump out of our century. We are living in it, surrounded by these damnable machines, and we must stoke them and keep them going to the end that one in ten of us may be sure of his daily bread for a year to come.

To myself, born in an old English farmhouse, in much the same surroundings and conditions of life as William Shakespeare was born three centuries before, a visit to an English or American manufacturing city is a saddening and depressing experience. But upon scanning the faces of the throngs in the crowded streets I notice the great majority of the citizens do not share my depression because of the ugliness of their surroundings. I reflect that a greater proportion of them are luckier than the citizens of past civilisations, so far as being assured of their daily bread for a year. I further reflect that the highest and most fruitfully beneficent civilisation the world has known, the civilisation of Greece, rested upon the foundation of slavery—about four slaves to each Athenian man, woman, and child. Certainly slavery in Athens did not approach anything like the gigantic proportions it has attained in Russia to-day. Nor was it a savage, ruthless, torturing military despotism. The Athenian slaves were comparatively well fed and cared for.

We come back to Mr. Shaw's stern fact, that not more than one in ten of us is assured of daily bread for more than a year to come. We see that this proportion cannot be suddenly increased, because it is strictly related to the well-known fact that harvests are annually grown and annually eaten—a fact which has escaped Mr. Shaw's notice. Not much more than a year's corn is at any time stored for future consumption. As soon as a surplus of corn is anywhere garnered, unborn children leap into the womb and make a claim upon it. And then the struggle begins again—who of us is to be assured of daily bread for more than a year to come?

I am writing on Sunday evening. Our workers are giving more and more of their Sunday leisure to politics, and less and less to theology. Churches are scantily attended. Communist and Socialist Sunday Schools are crowded in our manufacturing and mining districts. Masses of our working class children are being taught the new commandments, and Mr. Wells' new kind of honesty. Greater crowds are at this moment being entreated to take an easy short cut to a new heaven on earth, than on Sunday evenings fifty years ago, were being entreated to take a painful toilsome road to a heaven in the skies. Is it any wonder that these new preachers are so popular, and that our workers take the easy short cut that will lead them straight into Mr. Wells' International Collectivist Paradise, planned on the Russian ideal?

Thousands of week-day preachers are also proclaiming the new doctrines. Thousands of leading articles advocate them in daily papers and magazines. Thousands of discussions are nightly inflaming working men's clubs. Parliament listens to Labour Members demanding that the way to this new heaven shall be instantly voted and set open to everybody, paved with the good intentions of doctrinaires and fanatics. Tons of propaganda in all languages are being dumped upon the ignorance and credulity of millions of dupes. In every country of the world, at an enormous cost of money, time, labour, mental and vocal effort, the struggling, toiling, complaining masses are being exhorted to defeat a simple obvious law of Nature, who all the while is quietly saying to them: "My children, cease all this gabble and fret. Observe that harvests are annually grown and annually eaten. Therefore, only a small proportion of you can ever be assured of your daily bread for more than a year. In vain do you butt your heads against that granite wall."

(To be continued.)

Mirage

By Enid Clay

As one who wanders in a desert place
  Sees—after weariness in time of dearth—
As if reflected in a watered space,
  The city's glow, the wonders of the earth,
I, who have wandered in the pathless wild
  Of hopeless love, and longing unfulfilled,
May chance upon you. And your eyes that smiled—
  Your touch that healed—your voice whose utterance thrilled,
Shall be to me refreshment, and a balm—
  A mirage—an enchantment—Oh, my love,
Dare I disprove you? All my storms grow calm,
  And all my desert is a singing grove.
Tho' now of all things am I dispossess't
  Yet in illusion I am ever blest.

Ashes

By T. A. Collins

When all is said,
With nothing more to do but what is done,
When Hope and Fear alike are banishéd
And I must face my empty soul alone,
I enter there as though I had no part
To gaze upon the wreckage of my heart,
But come a stranger who with casual eye
Measures the compass of his destiny:
Yet there are keys my hand can never turn,
Windows through which no wondering dawn will come,
Hearths where no more the dreaming fires shall burn,
And frozen words on lips for ever dumb.

The Last Inch

By Constance Holme

THE woods were wet, that morning. Horses and men scrambled and slithered on the steep river bank, and when finally the butt of the big beech was drawn out into the open park, it left a deep trench to mark its course. Buck Drummond set his men to "tidy" the big log with the cross-saw, while he himself snigged the tops across to the timber-carriage, which had been left standing on the drive so as to disfigure the turf as little as possible.

It had taken six horses to fetch the butt out, six horses straining and scrambling, with chains clanking and brasses swinging. Buck Drummond had only a man and a boy to help him, but then Buck was a host in himself. He was not only a waggoner born, his father having been one before him, but he was also a born organiser; he was, moreover, an artist. Ted Hutchinson, the timber-merchant, counted him his best man—Ted Hutchinson, who could turn out thousands of pounds' worth of Shire horses from his various stables, but was content for his own part to race about the country in a ramshackle Ford.

Buck was young for a foreman, being only about thirty, but his capacity could be gauged by that quaint air of wisdom beyond his age which is also to be seen in a good young dog. He was slightly above middle height, with curly sandy hair and a pleasant Scotch face on a beautiful body. He was slim but not thin, hard but not stiff, supple but not sinuous. His small feet lifted themselves lightly in their heavy boots. His fustians, ungaitered, but tied below the knee like those of his men, took on a grace of their own from the grace of his figure. Their soft golden-brown was so exactly suited to the woods that it might have been provided by Nature by way of protective colouring.

Good timber-hauling, however, is not only a matter of body but of brains, demanding a knowledge of angles and stresses, together with an eye for delicate adjustments and

distribution of weight. The born waggoner in Buck came out in the way he sized up his loads before he touched them; the artist in the ease and grace with which he assembled them; the efficient organiser in the fact that he wasted neither time, strength nor speech. He could fetch, lift and place a log within five minutes, and without even the slightest appearance of effort or hurry. He was unusually quiet, both with his horses and his men, giving few orders, and those almost in an undertone. And he never gave an order twice . . .

Even apart from these things, he was no mere ignorant carter. He knew the market-value of the "wood," as he called it, that he hauled; where it was going, and what it would be used for at the other end. His job had taken him on to various estates up and down the country, and he knew a good many interesting facts about each of them. He could make a pretty shrewd guess, too, as to why the timber was coming down, and whether the proceeds would go into Government pockets or those of others.

He used only three of his team for taking the tops up the slight incline that led to the timber-waggon—Lauder, Elspie, and Haig, with Lauder leading as usual. The leader of a timber-team corresponds to the foreman of the gang in that he must have brains, and in this case it was Lauder who had them. He was a brown, about nine years old and as clever as paint, but nothing to look at either from a timber point of view or any other. He was rather under-sized for a timber horse, to begin with, and he was thin and rat-tailed, and looked like a bad feeder. Beside Elspie, the chestnut mare, and Haig, the big, placid bay wheeler, he looked like something that ought to have been carting manure on a second-rate holding.

Probably because of his extra intelligence, he was inclined to be temperamental, apt to excite himself if he had a man at his head, and to pull too fiercely; so because of this idiosyncrasy, Buck worked him by voice alone. Backing up the slope, he called to him by name, and the three horses, taking a circular "cast" like that of a sheep-dog, followed him with a rush, the log dragging inertly at their heels. If they narrowed the cast by attacking the slope too directly, the log would roll over and refuse to follow, and they would have to be sent back to straighten

it up again. Then once more they would make their rush at the little hill, their coats and brasses gleaming in the fresh sunlight that had followed the wet night.

Arrived at the timber-waggon already stationed under the triangular " legs," the young waggoner loosed Elspie and Haig, afterwards harnessing Lauder alone to the lifting tackle. Here again he worked him only by voice, often without even glancing in his direction. " Come to me, Lauder ! " he would call, and Lauder would turn to him like a child; or, " Another inch ! " and the brown horse would move backwards or forwards, lowering or lifting the load as the foreman fitted it into position.

The first two " tops " settled themselves comfortably enough, but the third, a heavy, curved bough, with a tiresome twist in it both to right and left, promised to give trouble. Buck lowered it once or twice, only to swing it up again, climbing about the load with that peaceful sureness of his that neither loitered nor hurried. He moved carefully as he prised the logs apart to make a safe resting-place for the awkward customer, for both his boots and the smooth skin of the beech were slippery with the wet. Lauder, harnessed at right angles to the load, moved forward or yielded a step according to order. The big curved limb, swung on block and pulley and clipped by great hooks, hung suspended between the " legs " like an unusually clumsy sword of Damocles. Buck studied it first from one point and then another; once, when he was on the ground, catching the end of it as it was hauled upwards, and allowing it to lift him completely over the waggon.

Presently, however, he got things as he wanted them, and, climbing back on to the load, steadied the bough as Lauder lowered it for the last time. He lowered it gingerly, as if conscious, even with his back to it, of the delicacy of the operation, and stopping for further orders at discreet intervals. " Another inch ! " Buck called, as the bough still hung, and, slipping at that moment on the logs beneath, fell forward across them. Lauder backed obediently without hesitation, lowering the great limb lightly on to the prostrate waggoner.

It was so neat and efficient an accident that the neat and efficient mind of Buck Drummond must surely have

appreciated it if he had been in a position to do so. That little slip had dropped him face downwards across the load, with the bough not yet wholly in place pinning him across back and elbows. It was pressing on him, but not heavily enough to hurt him; it merely held him there a complete captive. He could neither raise himself by his hands to lever the weight off him, nor turn himself ever so slightly to swing it aside. He felt about cautiously with his feet, but could find no foothold. He was as helpless and as neatly pinned as a trussed chicken. And if Lauder moved again, feeling the weight of the log still more or less on the pulley—well, Buck did not need telling what several tons of "wood" were capable of doing to you if you happened to be beneath them.

He found presently that he could lift his head just a very little, and by turning his eyes up he could watch the movements of the horse in front of him. He would have called to him to move forward and free him, but he felt too uncertain of his voice in his constricted position. Lauder knew as well as he did that the log ought to be in its place by now, and if he did not recognise his voice, might possibly misinterpret the order. Buck finally decided to wait until the men came up after finishing their cross-sawing, trusting to Lauder's training to keep him motionless in the meantime.

It was wiser to wait—he had settled on that; but however wise it might be, it was certainly not pleasant. Each time his glance climbed from the brown hocks to the brown quarters, he expected to see them giving under the strain. A great stillness seemed to have fallen upon the world, which had lately been so full of cheerful and musical movement—a stillness in which the only sound was the faint buzzing of the cross-saw. The men were still at work, then, he thought to himself, and there was no knowing how long they would be. Certainly, they might wonder, after a while, why he did not return, and climb the little slope to see what kept him. But they were as well aware as he that the last load would probably be difficult to tackle, and so would not expect him to be through with it very soon. And by the time they did begin to think he ought to be finished, it would probably be too late. By that time Lauder would probably have

yielded the last inch, letting down the full weight of the big bough upon Ted Hutchinson's best waggoner.

The tiny sound of the cross-saw seemed to go on interminably. It seemed to Buck, listening, that they must have cut the whole of the butt to pieces by now, instead of just trimming off the limb-sockets that would have made it awkward to handle. " I'll hae to tell 'em off aboot that," he said to himself mechanically, forgetting for the moment that he was not in a position to " tell off " anybody. He remembered it at once, however, because he tried to move a leg, and found that he was beginning to get cramp. But by this time, indeed, he hardly dared to move at all, in case Lauder, wondering at the silence and wearying of the whole business, should take the least motion of the log as an excuse for that last inch.

And still the infinitesimal sound of the cross-sawing went on. . . . Other sounds came to him presently, equally disturbing, though after another fashion. Elspie and Haig, he could hear, were beginning to fidget, evidently becoming puzzled by the continued lull. Like all well-trained timber-horses, they would stand for hours while work was in progress, but no doubt they found something sinister in this particular pause. He could hear them stamping and fussing behind him, and knew that they were moving about by the sound of the chains. He began to be afraid that they might wander round the waggon in search of amusement, and so irritate or startle Lauder into yielding that last inch. . . .

But still Lauder stood quietly, awaiting the final order. . . . His head was slightly bent as he braced himself against the continued strain. Once he bent it lower still, and the log quivered in response, lifted a useless fraction and settled itself again. Once he switched his rat-tail as if getting impatient, and Buck caught his breath, or would have caught it if the log had not caught it for him already. Once, too, he turned his brown head, though carefully, without moving his body, sending a questioning glance in the direction of the waggon. Buck saw him do it, and was stirred by the humanness of the action into trying to call to him, only to find that his voice remained in his throat. And still over the little hill the buzz of the cross-saw went on. . . .

Buck did not hear it stop. By that time he was engaged in trying to twist his neck to watch Elspie and Haig, as they came, blundering and inquisitive, round the timber-carriage. The first that he knew of the men was when they were right upon him with frightened shouts, sending his heart into his mouth for fear they should startle Lauder. But Lauder still stood, unstartled, unstirred. He stood while the load was swung aside and the foreman helped into an upright position; while the men, getting no answers to their questions, stood back panting; and when Elspie and Haig had come up and were nosing him fondly but interferingly, Lauder was still standing. . . .

Buck slipped off the waggon without vouchsafing any information to his puzzled underlings. He was a trifle stiff, a trifle red in the face, but otherwise he seemed exactly as usual. Once on the ground, he signalled his men to swing the log back to its former angle. Then—"Another inch!" he called to Lauder, and the horse stepped back instantly.

The big bough dropped delicately into place.

A Revolution in Railway Fares

By Herbert Birch

THE position in which the railways of this country find themselves to-day could never have been anticipated by traffic experts. At enormous cost, during some three-quarters of a century, the United Kingdom (and especially England) had been covered with a network of railways, equipped with the best material and administered by a highly trained body of men. So long as competition was limited to horse-drawn road traffic, or to somnolent canal traffic, the railways had nothing to fear, and they contented themselves with improvements and economies which effected mere decimals of revenue or saving. By skilfully playing into one another's hand, the greater companies secured themselves against internal competition which might lead to any lowering of charges.

This was the position twenty years ago, when a new rival appeared in the form of the rubber-tyred motor vehicle propelled by internal combustion engines. The day on which the last man-in-advance stood aside and furled his red flag was an ominous one for the railways. It meant that the King's high roads were once more to come into their own, and were in future to compete in greater and greater degree for a large and valuable share of the inland transport of the country. This road competition is but in its infancy. How can the railways with their expensive iron roads, constructed through lands acquired at heavy cost, compete with economically operating vehicles, using the existing excellent highways, and later on the new great arterial roads now being built at public expense, towards which, *miserabile dictu*, the very railway companies themselves are, as ratepayers, large contributors?

Every additional motor vehicle licensed to use our national highways is a fresh thread spun for the railway shroud, unless some man of imagination arises able to grasp the situation and by acting boldly to retrieve the dangerous position.

A REVOLUTION IN RAILWAY FARES

One thing is perfectly certain—the only sure road to a renewal of railway pre-eminence is the better serving of the public. The public to-day seeks to travel and would do so, far and often, if only the fare inducements were sufficiently attractive. It is not that there are not the trains, or the seats. No additional accommodation needs (on the average) to be provided. In 1921 (the latest complete returns published) the number of seat-miles run (that is the train miles multiplied by the number of seats in an average train) was about 84,000,000,000 miles, but the number of passenger-miles was only about 13,000,000,000; in other words, only one in every six available seats was occupied.

Had it been possible for all the trains to be completely filled throughout their entire journeys, either six times the number of passengers might have been carried, or the actual number carried six times the distance. Such a supposition is, of course, absurd, as trains must have ample working seat-margin; but surely a margin of 6 to 1 is equally absurd. The actual distances travelled by passengers are officially known, as also are the bookings to and from principal stations.

The London Traffic Report (1906) states that railway traffic divides itself into three distinct classes:—

(*a*) Short distance traffic, 1 to 12 miles.
(*b*) Medium distance, 12 to 30 miles.
(*c*) Long distance, over 30 miles.

For short distance traffic, all our large cities and an increasingly large number of towns now offer cheaper road facilities. (The writer lives seven miles from London, and for nearly two years has always travelled by tram or motor 'bus, usually paying only 2d. each way.) For pleasure traffic, mainly, there are also, in ever-increasing numbers, cheap road facilities extending far beyond 30 miles.

What are the railways to do? Lord Ashfield, whose railway management is unfortunately limited to the short systems of metropolitan electric railways, has clearly indicated a policy which, expressed in half a dozen words, is "Cultivate the long distance traffic." But, is this done? It is not the object of this article to discuss minor points of method, but to submit a plain and simple remedy; so

plain and so simple, that, like Naaman, when told to bathe in the River Jordan, railway administrators "turn away"—not perhaps "in a rage," but sceptically, and will not even trouble to investigate and discuss the proposal.

The position may be shortly put thus:—

(1) That a given annual revenue is required.
(2) That a given number of passengers will produce that revenue.
(3) That passengers travel known given distances.

It follows, therefore, that it is immaterial to the railway companies how much each individual passenger pays or how the fare is assessed, so long as the required revenue is obtained. Various methods have from time to time been suggested, such as zone rates—*i.e.*, so much for 5, 10, 20, 30 miles and so on, but in this country, at any rate, that method is impracticable.

In 1917, a booklet styled "Penny Railways," advocating payment by speed, was published by the writer, dealing fully with the whole subject. The title was not felicitous, for obviously higher fares than a uniform penny were to be obtained. Though by that system a passenger would be able to travel any distance by slow trains for one penny, the time occupied by the sequence of penny trains necessary for a long journey would be so great that practically nobody could afford to do so.

The method of charge here (as then) advocated is perfectly practicable. Sir Henry Thornton (to this country now, alas! a lost live-wire) said it was "a most attractive proposal"; Lord Aberconway, Chairman of the Metropolitan Railway, said he thought it should be examined. Not a single railway official has as yet challenged it, though invited to do so; the only expert criticism so far being that it would involve rearrangement of platform methods.

Under this system there would be three classes of train, "a" slow, "b" medium fast, and "c" express. The slow "a" train would cater for the short distance traffic: the medium fast "b" train would skip small stations and cater for the medium distance traffic; the express "c" train would exclusively cater for long distance traffic.

A passenger would be able to travel a continuous journey any distance by one or more "a" trains at a single "a" fare, and in the same manner by one or more "b" trains at a single "b" fare, and by one or more "c" trains at a single "c" fare, with the right of exchanging *en route* from a slower into a faster class of train on paying the higher class of fare. Though very long distances might be travelled in either of the slower trains, the serious delays owing to having to change and wait fresh connections would effectually check any appreciable use of such tickets in that manner: there would be no real economy.

Now as to fares. In 1921, about 1,820,000,000 passengers were carried, the revenue derived being £88,953,000. Of these passengers it is officially known that no less than 70 per cent. travelled only 1-12 miles; about 20 per cent. travelled 12-50 miles, and only about 10 per cent. travelled longer distances. Yet 90 per cent. of the revenue was derived from this 10 per cent. It is, therefore, clear that *one* long distance passenger is worth ten or a dozen short distance passengers. In the case of a railway, as of an hotel, the whole system has to be maintained in full operation, whether passengers travel or not; therefore, nothing is saved if passengers are not forthcoming, and no appreciable extra cost would be put on the railways were their coaches to be better filled.

What, therefore, are the lowest rates which would satisfy the required conditions? The following scale of fares based on the present rate for the minimum mileage of each of the three classes (namely, 1*d*. and 2*d*. for the "a," 1*s*. 6*d*. and 2*s*. for the "b," and 6*s*. and 10*s*. for the "c" class) would be ample:—

Trains.		Number of Passengers.		Fares.	Revenue.
					£
(*a*) Slow trains, 1-12 miles	70%	Ord.	1,150,000,000	1d.	4,791,600
		First	124,000,000	2d.	1,033,400
(*b*) Medium fast, 12-50 miles	20%	Ord.	304,000,000	1s. 6d.	22,800,000
		First	60,000,000	2s. od.	6,000,000
(*c*) Express trains, above 50 miles	10%	Ord.	152,000,000	6s. od.	45,600,000
		First	30,000,000	10s. od.	15,000,000
	100%		1,820,000,000		£95,225,000
Passengers and Revenue 1921			1,820,000,000		£88,953,000
		Gain in Revenue			£6,272,000

Another great advantage to the railway companies would be a considerable economy in administration. Only six different tickets (1*d*., 2*d*., 1*s*. 6*d*., 2*s*., 6*s*., and 10*s*. would be needed, and they might be also obtainable in booklets and at slot machines. Excursion, season, week-end, market, and return tickets would all be abolished as the ordinary fares would be so cheap. Children's half fare tickets might operate in the "b" and "c" classes, but certainly not in the short-distance "a" class. All passengers would thus be carried on an equal footing of charges.

A passenger travelling a long distance would, as at present, take a fast (or medium) train to the nearest point, and then change into the next slower train serving his station. This would cost him his original fare of 6*s*. or 10*s*., or 1*s*. 6*d*. or 2*s*., only according to the trains used. Naturally, the railway management would always consider the financial effect when adjusting the time running and connections of trains.

It must be remembered that the great bulk of short-distance (1-12 miles) traffic is close around the great urban centres. In 1921 the London Tubes, Urban Electric, and other Suburban Railways, alone accounted for no less than 911,996,000 passengers, or more than half the entire United Kingdom total! Though there would undoubtedly be passengers who would travel beyond 12 miles for 1*d*. and beyond 50 miles for 1*s*. 6*d*., they would be a negligible proportion of the total number.

There can be no doubt that were people able to travel to attractive resorts or to visit friends and relatives long distances away at very cheap fares, long-distance passengers would enormously increase in number, and from being but 10 per cent. would probably become 15 per cent. or 20 per cent. of the entire number. This would enable a further reduction of such fares, which, in turn, would further stimulate long-distance travel.

Every long-distance passenger removed out of the category of the "a," or short-distance class, relieves urban pressure, and, were a large reduction in that class to be thus brought about, the revenue would on balance be the gainer.

In conclusion, a word must be said as to congestion

of population. The system here advocated for passengers might equally well be applied to goods of every description, and were a manufacturer, trader, or farmer no longer handicapped by distance, the whole situation would be eased; land at present derelict would be profitably occupied, and the tendency to concentration checked. But it is not, however, possible to deal here with the vexed subject of goods rates.

Payment *by speed* is scientific. We all have but one life to live. An hour saved is an hour gained. People will always pay to save *time*; hence the telegraph, the telephone, and the express-letter service, and now the aeroplane. It has always been the method of the Post Office to charge, by speed; it pays to do so. By post, a card or letter is carried from Land's End and delivered at John o' Groats for 1d. or 1½d.; a parcel for little more. Distance does not affect the charges. If speed is desired the communication becomes a telegram, which may be transmitted and delivered anywhere in the kingdom for 1s. Yet the Post Office has to collect and deliver and bear not merely the cost of transit, but also the cost of several handlings and sortings. The human passenger, however, " collects " and " delivers " himself.

The reason why the Post Office can very profitably collect, sort and deliver, and pay for railway conveyance is because the requisite organised machinery is always in full operation.

So is it in the case of the railways, who have the economic advantage that their human freight or " living letters " look after themselves. By this " revolution in railway fares " the railway companies would effectually trump their competitors' cards and securely win the game.

The recent grouping of the railways—a long step towards their unification—renders the change here advocated easy, and it at any rate deserves full consideration by the administrative authorities and by Parliament.

The Priestess of Isis

By John Saxon

" I DON'T believe at all in any of this nonsense about the mummy in the Egyptian gallery," said Mr. Rossiter to his wife. " Why the thing's ridiculous on the face of it. Magic and spells in the British Museum in these days! Bosh! Bunkum! " Mr. Rossiter, a junior partner in a prosperous City firm, was expressing an opinion pretty general amongst his acquaintances. There had been a great deal in the newspapers concerning a certain well-preserved mummy in the depository in Great Russell Street. It was said to be that of a High Priestess, deceased some considerable number of centuries ago, and alleged to bring bad luck upon everyone who approached it, or became even remotely concerned with it. Ghastly was the narrative of the misfortunes which had befallen the explorer responsible for the crime of wresting this relic of another era from its original place of sepulture, and appalling was the tale of the evils which had befallen all the participators in its conveyance to its present abode. What gave peculiar point and pungency to the story was that an inscription had been deciphered on the wall of the former burial spot threatening terrific vengeance on all who in later time should disturb the remains, and prophesying in particular that the chief transgressor should be trampled to pieces by a herd of buffaloes. This was precisely the fate which had recently overtaken, during a big game expedition, the unhappy Englishman who had caused the removal. No wonder that the Press, groaning in the vacuum of the silly season, was booming this new sensation for all it was worth.

Now Mr. Rossiter was what is called a practical man. Newspapers constituted his principal, if not his only reading pabulum, and he bitterly resented their audacity in offering what he regarded as ineffable silliness for his perusal. " I should really like," he continued, " to show up all this foolery. It would give me pleasure to go to the Egyptian gallery and pull the nose of that mummy."

Mrs. Rossiter, to whom this remark was addressed, was a youngish person of melancholic temperament. She was short, fat, mild, and deeply pessimistic. "I'm sure I don't know," she observed, "why you should want to bring more misfortunes upon us. Here's Jane given warning, and the drawing-room carpet nearly worn out, and poor little Susan with a whitlow on her thumb. Arn't things bad enough already without your going and insulting some dreadful old creature who, you know, is shockingly vindictive. Why the paper says that even the policeman who used to be in the gallery has fallen downstairs and broken his leg, and you've never quite got over that sprain you had last year. *I* call it very unkind of you. But dear mother always told me what I should have to go through if I married." As Mrs. Rossiter showed signs of tears, her husband, profiting by much experience, was too wise to prolong the controversy.

But revolving the matter in his own mind, he became more and more inclined towards definite action. He had ever panted for fame. Here was a chance at last. Why not go to the scene where the newspaper reporters seemed constantly to bask, and there signalise at once his valour and his common sense by some deed which would acquire immediate notoriety? In imagination he saw his name printed in large characters at the head of many columns and perhaps—greatest honour of all—actually on posters. "Daring sceptic insults mummy"; "Courageous exposure of superstition"; "John Rossiter the Iconoclast"; were some of the phrases floating before his inward vision. Yet there was such a thing as being laughed at, and between the desire for glory on the one hand and the fear of ridicule on the other, Mr. Rossiter balanced like the proverbial cork trembling on the top of a mimic fountain. At length he made a compromise with himself. He would go to the Museum without any definite intention and then be guided by circumstance, that is, by what he felt like when he was there. It would be easy, he considered, to make up his mind when he was in the actual presence of the object of his aversion.

Here Mr. Rossiter made a slight mistake. Decision on the spot, far from being easy, seemed to become increasingly difficult. Somehow there appeared to be some-

thing oppressive in the atmosphere of the Egyptian gallery. A certain awe crept over him, altogether alien from his usual mood. That jetsam of antiquity, those weird outlines of shapes fashioned into their present semblance by hands dead, heaven, or the Egyptologists, alone knew when, oppressed his spirit. Moreover, no one recognisable as a reporter was visible. Supposing he assaulted the High Priestess and was seen by one of the Museum attendants! He might be arrested. He might get locked up. Then instead of being a hero, he would be only a fool. In vain he paced to and fro. In vain he strove to rally his courage. The longer he hesitated, the greater his irresolution. His head became weary; his nerves strained. He paused in his walk and leant against a pillar with his look fixed on the implacable sphinx-like features of the extinct sorceress (was she "extinct"?).

So leaning, Mr. Rossiter dozed. And as he dozed, he dreamed. There was a crash as if the supports of earth and sky had fallen in. All vanished—all was gone—save a darkness that could be felt, and he, John Rossiter, the city man, was out of the body, nay, more—out of time and space. Then, gradually, a dim light dawned in the blackness, and in the surrounding gloom colossal shapes, grim, motionless, terrific, encompassed him on every side. He was in a vast chamber, hewn as it seemed out of the solid rock, with roof invisible in the misty height, and huge figures—were they sculptured effigies, or living forms?—were glaring upon him with dull fire burning in their eyeless sockets. But afar, amidst the horror and the fear, a flame grew in the distance, illuminating something like an altar such as Titans might have carved, and in front of it, throned, sat a phantom, immense, shadowy, and awful as incarnate night. He knew it. Too well he knew it. His living eyes had seen its likeness, was it a second—was it an eternity, ago? Then came a voice, rolling with a cadence like the waves of an icy sea, cold as a dead hand grasping a beating heart.

"Soul from the world of present men, barbarous child of a foolish day, hast *thou* dared to mock at the wisdom of Egypt, hast thou wished to insult me the High Priestess

of Isis, thou whose mind is as an infant's plaything, thou who art naught and knowest naught save folly and greed. Behold! Thou shalt have a lesson and the gods whom thou hast scorned shall show thee a sign which shall be a warning to thee and to thy like. Yea, to those gods thou shalt be a derision, and in thine own household shalt thou see their might. Hence! Begone—back to the age which breeds such worms as thee!" Again the crash. His being reeled in the whirling darkness, and chaos rocked him on the breast of nothingness. . . .

When Mr. Rossiter awoke from that dream he was as a man who has been stunned. Away! Home was his only thought; to leave for ever that ghostly gallery his one remaining instinct. It haunted him, that dream unparalleled. Waking or sleeping it cursed him with resurgence. He dared not tell it to his wife. He dared not name it to a friend. But, as time passed on and no dread affliction fell, fainter became the impression and the normal feelings of the practical man began to hold sway once more. Then it came to pass, in something less than a year from the date of his ill-starred visit to the British Museum, that a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Rossiter. Great was the jubilation of the pair, whose previous offspring had been a girl. Yet the new arrival was a strange infant. Though both his parents were ordinary specimens of the Anglo-Saxon type, fair-haired and blue-eyed, this pledge of their affection was somehow utterly different. That he was dark-skinned, with eyes like lakes of unfathomable black, and with hair of the same hue, did not altogether account for the effect of remoteness from the times of steam and democracy and journalism which he produced on the beholder. Something there was, when his face was at rest, of immobility in his look, something, visible even in his babyhood and more emergent every day he lived, that seemed to set him apart from the world into which he was born.

When Jack Rossiter was five years old, his mother found him one day engaged in drawing. The scrawls of children begin early, and she beheld the operation without wonder. But when, peeping over the child's shoulder, she saw his achievement, amazement seized her. For the work was not that of an infant, but of a skilful draughts-

man, as even Mrs. Rossiter, who sketched a little, knew enough to see. There were the plans for a great temple shown with the sureness and the touch of a practised hand. There were indicated the columns and the outline of a building such as in the days of the Pharaohs was reared in the valley or on the islands of the Nile.

Mrs. Rossiter panted with astonishment. "Who taught you to do that, darling?" (Who could have taught him?) When did you learn it?"

"Before," was the answer. "Before."

"Before! Before when, dear?"

"You know; before," and this was all that could be extracted from him. He had learnt it "before." "You know." Mrs. Rossiter, of course, displayed the production to her husband, and as he gazed on it he staggered. Once more the terrible dream arose before his eyes and that cold avenging voice sounded in his ears. In his agitation he spoke aloud, "That damned mummy," he said, "oh, that horror."

"What mummy, what horror?" cried his wife, and to no purpose he strove to evade her queries. A mother, set on discovering what had happened to her son, was not to be baffled, and the hidden story had to be revealed at last. At an end was Mr. Rossiter's peace. Tears and reproaches took its place. "How I begged you not to go," was the cry. "But you would, you would. See what you have done. Poor Jack, poor Jack, your cruel father has brought a curse upon you."

Mr. Rossiter had a friend, a civil engineer, who had been much in Egypt. To him was exhibited the drawing, which he identified at once. "It is the temple of Isis at Philæ," he pronounced. "Who did it? It's a fine piece of work." Mr. Rossiter fenced with the question. In fine, he lied, for he dared not tell the truth. As the months rolled on, other drawings, not less amazing, made their appearance, and the boy's strangeness grew on him until he was a source of wonder to all who met him. At last there came a pencilled picture, a picture of a head, grim, immutable, terrible as death. When Mr. Rossiter saw that countenance, which was even as he had seen it in his vision, he felt that his cup was full. What was it—this thing, this changeling, of which he was the father?

Had the soul of an ancient Egyptian been substituted for the soul of his son? Had the dead become reincarnate in the very shape it wore when the temples of Egypt were reared to the worship of their antique gods?

The child became a living terror to him, and when he was but eight years old he sent him to a distant preparatory school. But not long lasted Jack Rossiter's absence. Within a month he was sent back, while a letter from the head-master explained his return. "Dear Sir," it said, "I have no fault to find with your son, nor have I ever previously encountered such a case. But the fact is that I do not think it would be for his happiness or for the good of the school that he should remain. He seems somehow to chill his companions. There is something strange about him. He does not appear to belong to us at all. I grieve much to tell you this, but the truth is always best."

Then it was that, while Mr. Rossiter was in the depths of despair, his wife had an idea. "It is all that horrid, dreadful mummy," she explained. "You know, John, you brought all this upon us by going to the Museum in order to insult her. If she was able to do all she has done she will be able to undo it. What you must do now is to go to the Egyptian Gallery and beg her pardon, and ask her to take her spell, or whatever it is, off the child. That is the only way we shall ever be happy again." Mr. Rossiter gasped. "Ask the pardon of the mummy, my dear," he said, "why it's mad, mad, mad!" "It's not more mad than what has happened," replied his wife. "You know it has happened, so what's the use of pretending you don't believe it."

Still Mr. Rossiter delayed. He could not bring himself to revisit the spot where that fearful vision had appalled his soul. But what will not a mother's persistency achieve! One evening, on re-entering his house, he encountered his wife in a state of unusual excitement. "Oh, John," she exclaimed, "he's drawn another picture—*such* a strange one. It makes me frightened. Come and see." It was indeed a production calculated to inspire amazement as proceeding from a child of eight years old. It was an opened tomb wherein the misty light shone on a dead form—whose form? Ah! there was no room for doubt; it was the shape

of that execrable mummy. Draped in queenly vestments, her sightless eyes, wide open, seemed to stare into eternity, while round her head was wreathed a snake. Terrific was the power of that drawing, and the parents of the astonishing artist gasped as they beheld it. "Oh, John," said Mrs. Rossiter, once more, "she's not forgiven you. You must go again. Take it to her, or give it to someone in the Museum who knows all about these things and ask his help." The ill-starred Rossiter groaned. His penance was almost too heavy to be borne. How, in his heart, he cursed that priestess—and himself!

Once more he resorted to that institution, which now seemed to him as the abode of the damned, and stood at the entrance of the gallery where those silent shapes rent the present with the thought of the past. Along its length paced a policeman, and to him Rossiter addressed himself. "Ever seen anything funny about that mummy of the priestess the newspapers talk of, officer?" he said, with the best every-day air which he was able to assume. "Can't say as I have, myself, Sir," was the answer, "though I do feel a bit queer sometimes when I'm near her. She ain't what you might call natural-like. But if you want to hear all about her," he continued, "you should just get to speak with Professor ——. 'e knows, 'e can tell you." Mr. Rossiter felt that he must follow the advice. With some difficulty, he did succeed in penetrating to the professorial sanctum, gaining admission by the statement that he wished to show a remarkable drawing of Egyptian antiquities. And when the Professor gazed on Jack Rossiter's handiwork the justice of that plea was admitted. "It is a striking representation," announced the Professor, "a most striking representation of that High Priestess whose mummy we have here, and concerning which so much nonsense has appeared in the Press. But what is most remarkable is the encirclement of her head by the uraeus, the serpent, which is the sign of Egyptian royalty. I have long suspected," he added, "that she was of royal blood, but the absence of the symbol has thrown doubt on my theory, and if any sound evidence of the correctness of this picture is forthcoming I should certainly wish to hear it. Who made this drawing?"

There are situations in which the truth, however painful, has to be told—and this was one. Mr. Rossiter, with feelings of indescribable humiliation, related his experiences. The Professor listened in silence. "It is a strange story," he observed at the end, "and well exemplifies, if you will forgive the remark, the physiological effect of imagination upon a superstitious mind. As a fact, the gold uraeus, probably appertaining to this mummy, is in the museum, though, as it was found at some distance from the former, the connection has never been established. I shall now assume the responsibility of restoring it to what I have long been convinced is its proper place. Perhaps you might like to see me do it."

It was done, and as it was done a sense of peace, of rest, of happiness, seemed to flow into Mr. Rossiter's inmost being. And, this time, no disappointment awaited him. For from that day forth normality descended upon his son. His weirdness vanished. His expression changed. He was as other boys.

But there is one famous place in London towards which the Rossiters never turn their steps. That is the British Museum.

Decimal Coinage

By J. Russell Gubbins

It is seldom that the first efforts of a reformer meet with success, and if, discouraged by failure, he desists from his attempts to elevate his fellow man the public quickly lose interest in the matter and may even imagine that the advocate himself has ceased to have faith in his case.

I have for many years believed that it would be to the advantage of the British Empire to abandon its sterling (£ s. d.) currency and adopt in all its integrity the decimal system.

For some sixty years past the desirability of adopting a decimal system of weights, measures, and coinage for this country has been intermittently discussed. The question has been taken up and dropped, only to be again revived, so that though intervals of silence have been frequent and sometimes prolonged, the matter has never been permanently lost sight of.

A change from our present system of weights and measures to the metric system can only be carried through gradually and will meet with a great deal of passive resistance before being finally established. An immense amount of work will have to be done before all the old measures and weights can be readjusted to the new.

These reflections do not apply to a change in the currency, which can be carried through quickly, and, if skilfully handled, with the minimum of inconvenience to the public. Furthermore, in any such change the expense, which need not be great, would be borne by the State, whereas in adopting the metric system of weights and measures, it will be difficult to avoid letting some of the public bear a great part of the cost. For these reasons it is now generally admitted that a change in the currency should precede any change in our weights and measures.

For the present, therefore, I shall confine my examination to that of the coinage.

For the purpose of this examination I take all the currencies mentioned at their gold values, as paper money

has no bearing on the question of a decimal system of coinage.

From time to time advocates of a decimal currency for this country have made their voice heard, and many different schemes have been suggested, most of which have testified more to the ingenuity of their authors than to the advisability of their schemes.

All these schemes are in the nature of half-measures and, as always happens with half-measures, have met—some more, some less—with some support. Only one, however, can be seriously considered, and, as it has met with the approval of many prominent bankers, cannot be lightly dismissed. This is the proposal to retain the pound sterling as the unit of account and subdivide it into a thousand parts called "mils."

The course of action, however, which I advocate as the best and as the most far-reaching in its beneficial effects is that we abandon altogether our present sterling currency and frankly adopt in its place the American gold dollar; and not only that we adopt it ourselves, but that we use all our influence to make it the one universal unit of account.

There is nothing impossible about this: troublesome it may be, of course, for the greatest opposition, whether to the adoption of the dollar in Britain or in any other country, will arise not from any sound reason, but from that conservative spirit often so opposed to any change.

The conservatism based on sound principles makes for stability and peace, dominated by sentimental prejudice is an enemy to reform and an obstacle in the path of progress.

It is essential, therefore, to examine wherein the superior merit of the dollar lies, as well as to consider the point of view of the bankers.

When some five years ago the advocates of the decimal system moved to put forward a Bill in Parliament to decimalise the currency, the Institute of Bankers (London) appointed a special committee to consider the question. In the report referring to the coinage they say:—

"Your Committee are convinced that no decimal system of coinage which is not based on the pound sterling can possibly be adopted by the bankers of this country, and that the present pound sterling unchanged in weight and fineness must remain the unit of value. The pound sterling is universally recognised in the settlement of international transactions

throughout the world, and any abandonment, even in name only, of its use as our standard unit would be fraught with risks which your Committee consider it would be unwise to incur.

"Your Committee have therefore decided to recommend a decimal system based on the pound sterling to be divided into a thousand parts called mils."

The above sets forth what the committee call "their general expression of opinion," which warrants the inference that in the opinion of the bankers our financial supremacy in international transactions is in some way dependent on the retention of the sovereign as our unit.

It is very much to be regretted that, in expressing such an opinion, the committee did not state clearly what these risks are, because such an opinion, coming from such a source, will unduly impress all those who are apt to be hypnotised by "the noxious influence of authority," whilst others, who prefer to think and reason for themselves, will believe that such risks are either much exaggerated or even non-existent.

Undoubtedly the opinion of the London bankers must carry weight, but such opinion, unless supported by a well-reasoned chain of argument, cannot be accepted by a critical public as either convincing or conclusive, and in the report which I have before me I find no attempt to support the opinion by an argument.

As a matter of fact, however, a little examination and reflection will make it plain that our position as the monetary centre of the world is due to causes other than the fact that any particular coin is our unit of account. If such were the case, if our financial supremacy were in any way bound up with the pound sterling, the obvious reflection is that it would be open to any other nation to adopt it as their standard, and by so doing challenge our supremacy.

Our position in the money market of the world is due:

First, to our persistent adherence to the gold standard.

This confidence in London as a free market for gold is a dominant factor that makes foreign bankers, international financiers, and even foreign Governments look with such special favour on a "good bill on London."

Though for the moment London is not a free market for gold, the impression that this will not last long is prevalent and helps our international credit.

It is not irrelevant to note that to-day the standard of stable currency in Germany is the dollar and not the pound.

Second, to our great international or transit trade. This trade is roughly indicated in statistical tables as "re-exports," but the figures given do not adequately express the great volume of overseas trade that is liquidated by a bill on London. Our leading "merchant bankers," as distinct from bankers in the general acceptation of the word, are of course familiar with all this; it is part of the daily routine of their business; but the great mass of the public and traders whose business is exclusively confined to their own country have but little conception of the extent to which a bill on London is used as an international medium for the settling of accounts.

A foreign merchant, however, when he sells his bill of exchange receives for it its equivalent in the currency of his own country, and a bill on London drawn in dollars would be as freely negotiable were our currency the gold dollar, as it is to-day when drawn in pounds sterling.

As the trade between two countries becomes more direct, that is as the exports and imports of one to the other become greater, and free from the middleman or transit trade, so will direct drawings of bills take the place of bills on London. If goods from the United States are largely exported to South America and the East, and but few products are sent to the United States in return, the United States shipper will be paid for his shipments by a bill on London; when, however, South America and the East develop an export trade with the United States, the United States merchant will be paid by a direct bill on New York or San Francisco without any London intermediary. This is what is now happening.

Owing to the war, trade between the United Kingdom and South America was much hampered, and the United States was in a position to push her business relations with those countries in an effective manner. American banks or branches have already been opened there, where but a few years ago none such existed, and this has made the American dollar more familiar.

The opening of the Panama Canal has facilitated the interchange of goods between the Western States of North

America and the Eastern States of South America, as well as between the Eastern States of North America and the Western of South America.

All this tends to promote direct drawings on New York and to make all the South American nations still more familiar with the American gold dollar, or, to speak more accurately, with bills drawn in American gold, which thus come into comparison or competition with bills on London.

It may not be amiss to mention here that about 1854 American coins were declared by our Government to be legal tender in the West Indies.

The *third* factor that has powerfully contributed to London's position as the money centre of the world is that for many years we, as the richest country, were the principal market for the flotation of foreign loans, as, after providing for all the needs of our home manufacturers and merchants, large surpluses were available for investment abroad. Our position as the richest country has, however, for some fifteen or twenty years past been challenged by the United States, and at the outbreak of war the aggregate wealth of that country was estimated to be, in round numbers, double that of the United Kingdom.

During these years the United States, even while steadily growing in wealth, had given but little attention to the financing of other countries by way of loans, the ever-increasing demands of her own industries, agriculture, and manufactures providing a ready outlet for any disposable capital she might have had. As soon, however, as America entered the war on the side of the Allies she placed her immense monetary resources at their disposal; so much so, that by or before the end of 1918 her aggregate loans to the countries fighting for humanity may well have amounted to $10,000,000,000 (ten thousand million dollars).

The fact of such a sum being invested outside her own country will bring America into the foremost rank of international moneylenders, and so help to make the gold dollar more widely known and felt than it has ever been.

That loans in dollars are freely accepted, and as freely negotiated, emphasises the point that international finance does not depend on any particular coin or unit of account,

provided always that such international dealings are based on a gold standard.

The foregoing seems to foreshadow that in not many years from now we must face the prospect of the American gold dollar being the dominant currency.

In order to judge how far this contention is well founded, an examination of the principal monetary groups is instructive.

THE THREE PRINCIPAL MONETARY GROUPS comprise those countries using respectively as their standard the

Pound sterling. Gold dollar. Franc.

The population of these groups to-day and in 1970 may be estimated as follows:—

	1923.	1970.
Sterling Group	62,000,000	106,000,000
Gold Dollar Group ...	122,000,000	328,000,000
Franc Group	125,000,000	180,000,000

A comparison of the figures in this table shows that whereas the population to-day of the gold dollar group is 122,000,000 against 187,000,000 of the sterling and franc combined, the relation in 1970 will be as 328,000,000 to 286,000,000.

I have endeavoured to point out how the gold dollar is making itself every day more known in foreign trade and in international finance, and the figures relating to the populations of the three great monetary groups demonstrate that in point of mere numbers the dollar currency will, within not many years, be the one most used.

From the foregoing considerations, as well as from others duly set forth later, it seems but logical to infer that if we are to have a decimal coinage the balance of advantages is in favour of our giving the preference, not to the pound divided into a thousand parts, which would be cumbersome and inconvenient, but to that system—the dollar and cent—which has stood the test of 135 years' practical experience, which has been found simple and convenient, and as suited to the fancies of the rich as to the necessities of the poor.

The dollar system, moreover, can be adopted with less general dislocation and readjustment of prices than would be the case with a decimalised pound.

It is pertinent to the case to remember, and I wish to lay particular stress on the fact, that the change I advocate, that is from the £ s. d. currency to the dollar, has already been made twice: first when the United States made the change in 1786, and again when, in spite of remonstrances from the Home Government, Canada, in the middle of the last century, also abandoned the pound in favour of the dollar.

More than forty years ago Jevons, writing of the American dollar, said:—

"But, above all, it is firmly adopted as the money of a nation which, as far as human wisdom can penetrate the future, is destined to be the most numerous, rich and powerful in the world."

And:—

"I consider the dollar so good a unit that it would be mere national prejudice to oppose it were there a fair chance of its general adoption."

N.B.—The mint par between British and American gold is:—

£1 = $4.866564. At this rate
72 halfpennies are equal to 72.99846 cents.

For simplicity's sake, and for convenience of calculation, I have taken the rate of exchange at $4.86⅔ to the £, making 72 halfpennies exactly equal to 73 cents.

This infinitesimal difference does not affect the arguments that follow.

In deciding which is the best system of EMPIRE CURRENCY to adopt we should consider not only what is best for the Empire itself, but what is best calculated to facilitate trade with our foreign friends.

If we retain the pound subdivided into a thousand parts, we are asking our foreign customers to make themselves conversant with a new and unknown coin—the mil—whereas if we adopt the dollar we have the advantage of dealing with our foreign customers in a currency to which they are accustomed and with which they are daily becoming still more familiar.

Were the British Empire a homogeneous monetary whole with the sovereign as the only unit, then those who advocate its decimalisation would have a stronger case, but the fact is that, so far from having one common system, there are within the Empire no fewer than six different

currencies, apart from those variegated currencies, such as cowries, sticks of tobacco, and glass beads, which have played such a picturesque and often much too profitable a part in many of our past trade dealings.

These different currencies are: 1. The pound sterling. 2. The gold dollar. 3. The silver dollar, current in Hong Kong. 4. The Straits Settlement silver dollar. 5. The rupee, in India divided into annas and pice; in Ceylon, East Africa, Uganda, and Mauritius into cents. 6. The piastre, the currency of Cyprus.

I think it may be fairly assumed that one uniform currency for all the component parts of the British Empire is an objective worthy the attention not only of bankers and merchants, but of statesmen as well. The simplification of accounts, the quotation of exchange rates in terms of one money only, are advantages that only require to be stated to be acknowledged.

The change from the pound to the dollar has already been effected in the United States and in Canada, to the advantage and satisfaction of both, and in Eastern countries the dollar as a unit is more suitable to the prevailing conditions than is the sovereign.

The Select Committee of the House of Commons, appointed to report on the decimal system, said in 1853:—

> "In the United States the old system of pounds, shillings, and pence has been entirely superseded by the decimal system of dollars and cents, and no inconvenience appears to have attended the change."

It is very significant that it was about that very time that Canada also abandoned the pounds, shillings, and pence in favour of the American dollar and cent, in spite of the fact that the above Select Committee reported in favour of the pound.

The keeping of accounts, whether in small or large amounts, is much simpler in dollars and cents than in sterling.

One of the most serious objections to a decimalised pound is that it necessitates three places of decimals, or three figures in the second cash column, whereas the dollar and cent system has the great merit of having only two, and with three places of decimals the liability to error is much greater.

Another great drawback to the decimalisation of the pound is the DISLOCATION OF PRICES, which would be unavoidable were mils to take the place of pence and halfpence.

The great importance of preserving the penny, so as not to disturb what for simplicity's sake we call "penny prices," has often been insisted on.

Were the pound to be divided, as is proposed, into a thousand parts, to be called mils, the three suggested coins, the mil, 2-mil, and 4-mil pieces, would be each 4 per cent. less in value than the corresponding farthing, halfpenny, and penny, and this difference in value would make itself felt through the readjustment of prices that the substitution of the mil for our present bronze coinage would make necessary.

Were the dollar and cent our standards, the readjustment of prices would be easier, and when we remember that 72 halfpennies are the equivalent of 73 cents would be so close as to be hardly perceptible.

To the public the dollar and cent, if not actually known as coins, are familiar names, and as the cent is in popular estimation almost identical with the halfpenny, its introduction would be more readily understood and acquiesced in than would be the case with a totally unfamiliar unit such as the mil, whose value, moreover, in relation to our existing small coinage differs so much. The new cent and two-cent piece, being of the same size as the present halfpenny and penny, would quickly be accepted as their equivalent, and the 25-cent silver coin would take the place of the shilling.

I may lay stress on the fact that as some time may elapse before gold coins are again in active circulation, the present is a very favourable opportunity for making the change from the £ s. d. currency to the dollar and cent. Under present circumstances the place of gold is largely taken by currency notes, which are being constantly withdrawn from circulation as fresh ones are issued. In the transition period, that is, till the resumption of gold circulation, Bank of England notes and currency notes would be issued in terms of dollars instead of in terms of pounds; by this no immediate re-coinage of gold would be necessary, and ample time would be given for the gradual

withdrawal of the sovereign and the issue of five-dollar gold coins.

Three new silver coins would have to be issued, the 50-cent, 25-cent, and 10-cent piece; no others are needed. They should be of the same size and weight as the florin, the shilling, and the sixpenny piece.

The penny and halfpenny, pending re-coinage, might be surcharged "2 cents" and "1 cent." The farthing could be retained and be current for half a cent.

The public would very quickly get accustomed to the new coins. The readjustment of wages would be very simple. The worker who to-day gets 30*s.* (720 halfpennies) would receive the exact equivalent, 730 cents, $7.30, and would recognise that he was justly dealt with.

The rapidity with which the public would become accustomed to dollars and cents would be a revelation to many.

Bond Between English-Speaking Nations.

One of the strongest reasons for the adoption of the dollar as our standard is that, were the currency of the British Empire brought into line with that of the United States and Canada, it would mean that all the English-speaking communities would have another bond in common. Such a bond would not only much facilitate their commercial transactions one with another, but would also tend to draw closer the social relations between these great nationalities. This alone is a consideration that should not be disregarded.

Effect on Foreign Nations.

The unification of the moneys of the Anglo-Saxon communities could not fail to impress every foreign country. The adoption by the British Empire of the dollar and cent would be an event of universal significance. It would establish that currency as predominantly first without a rival, whether considered from the point of view of the numbers of those using it, or the immense volume of trade it represented.

It would carry conviction to every monetary centre. It would influence all those States whose present disorganised currencies need reforming, and might well lead

them also to follow our example, and would thus be the first step towards one universal currency for the whole world.

The main reasons for giving the preference to the dollar and cent system may be summed up as follows:—

(1) Its adaptability for everyday transactions, and its greater simplicity for the keeping of accounts, having but two places of decimals in the second cash column, whereas in the pound and mil system there are three.

(2) It is a system that has stood the test of 135 years' practical experience, and has proved eminently efficient and convenient.

(3) That the readjustment of prices would be much closer and easier, and less likely to cause friction, than would be the case were we to make the mil one of our coins.

(4) That if we are to aim at one uniform Empire currency, that object is more likely to be attained through the medium of the dollar than through that of the pound and mil.

(5) That to our foreign customers as well as to the Dominions the dollar system is known, whereas were we to introduce the mil we would be asking them to make themselves familiar with a new currency without any compensating advantages.

(6) That in not many years from now the number of people using the dollar will be much larger than the number of those using any other coin.

This will make the dollar the predominant standard.

(7) That the adoption of the dollar by the British Empire would bring us into line with the great English-speaking communities of North America, and so form a link which would be not only advantageous from a commercial point of view, but could hardly fail to have far-reaching consequences, both social and political, as anything tending to draw closer the ties between the Anglo-Saxon nationalities would strengthen their power and influence in the world.

Man the Machine

By Atom

A RECENT novel, *The Clockwork Man*, pictures a conventional doctor of to-day pressed into service by a man of the future. In Mr. Odle's fantasy he is run by clockwork; but through some error in adjustment the clock gets out of order and a general practitioner is forced, against his inclination, to attempt to regulate the complicated machine in the back of the man's head. He presses a button and suddenly the man grows so fat that his clothes burst. "Great pouches and three new chins appeared upon his face, and lower down there was visible an enormous stomach." The doctor frantically presses another stop and the man's frame shrinks; but age dawns. He becomes a feeble, decrepit old man. Other stops are pressed in despair. "After one experiment he developed gills. Another produced frightful atavistic snortings. There was one short-lived episode of a tail." There follows more experimental manipulation and the man seems suddenly to disappear; but at length the doctor finds he has merely reverted to a wailing, pitiful baby.

At first sight the merely bizarre elements of Mr. Odle's fantasy may arrest the attention; but to the physiologist the book suggests some interesting scientific speculation. The development of gills and the reversion to earlier types are, of course, factors of embryology. The fattening, ageing, and withering are actual experiences in most human lives. The apparatus appears to exist in the body. It is the question of control that is at stake. If, for instance, we could arrest the tadpole at that phase of its development, the well-known fish characters would be uppermost and the amphibian would be completely dormant. There would, indeed, be no evidence of the possibility of amphibian development. The tadpole, with its gills and tail, is fitted for life in water and, without the characteristic frog development, it would wither and die on land.

If we go a step further, we may note that the human embryo also appears to be rooted in earlier types at some

stages of its development. Indeed, there is little essential difference between the embryos of a fish, a salamander, a tortoise, a chick, a pig, a calf, a rabbit, and a human being, if comparable stages of development are selected. A sort of general ground plan appears to be laid down at first for all, and only when this is complete does the hint of differentiation become evident. The generalised development, moreover, continues to a comparatively advanced stage. In the earliest stages it is difficult to identify the beginnings of organs. Once more it is the question of control which constitutes the problem. A completely ignorant observer provided with the embryos of the various types named could not be expected to identify them as different. If he went by mere observation on selected stages he would be compelled to believe they were identical, or, at any rate, not specifically distinct. It is by some internal compulsion that the fish develops its gills and fins fully at a certain stage, and the mammals develop their lungs and limbs.

So far we have confined ourselves to mere academic speculation. Even if some means of arresting development at a lower type were to be discovered, or if it were possible to turn back the controlling factors and accomplish a true reversion to earlier types, there is no reason to think that anyone would wish to be a fish. And the question of raising the type of a living organism hardly appears to be a useful subject for discussion. It is the higher types which appear to recapitulate the characteristics of the lower. There is no evidence of a lower running over those of the higher.

But when we turn to the consideration of the factors which control the human body as fully developed, we are no longer dealing with speculations of purely academic interest. We are touching upon matters of immediate practical interest. The working of such factors is little less mysterious; but their control is an accomplished fact, within admittedly restricted limits. Our ignorance as to their mode of action has given it the appearance of mechanism or automatism; and the way in which the physician controls them from outside is also so crude that the machine idea is inevitably suggested. Most of the characteristic developments are due to the ductless glands, and

research on these lines appears to exaggerate the *rôle* these small bodies play in the human mechanism. They control growth; they control the pace of life; they control the chemistry of digestion; they control the characteristic appearances which differentiate the sexes; they are even said to control temperament.

It has been stated that the mode of their influence appears to be crudely comparable to that of the lever of a machine, or, it would be more correct to say, to the administration of a simple prescription. Take, for instance, the most recent attempt which scientific medicine has made to supply the factor when absent. In the deadly disease of diabetes, sugar wastage is one of the essential characteristics, and the pancreas is one of the glands which controls the sugar chemistry of the body. An extract of the pancreas, insulin, has therefore been tried; and, when administered in appropriate cases and under proper scientific observation, it is found to work almost like a charm. A man was recently discharged from a London hospital who had been on the verge of coma. He had wasted away until he had become almost a skeleton. After treatment with insulin he began to recover, and now he is able to cycle twenty miles a day to his work. When the terrible history of most diabetic cases is remembered such a record has a miraculous sound. But it is by no means unique; and the almost automatic action when scientifically administered is characteristic of the effect of injections of other glands.

The small conical bodies known as the adrenals act as the mobilisation department when the organism is confronted with the need of making a violent spurt. The extract is now being administered in cases of asthma. The pituitary gland and pineal body are both small organs associated with the brain. Their *rôle*, however, appears to be in inverse ratio to their size. The pituitary has its influence on the utilisation of sugar, but is chiefly connected with the growth of the longer bones of the skeleton. The work of the pineal has also some reference to growth and maturity. The interstitial glands have made their mark upon history, since it was the interstitial tissue of a monkey which was first used to give a new lease of life to people who are on the down grade. In human beings

the interstitial tissue controls the development of the sexual characters.

But it is, perhaps, the thyroid which has been most studied and most used in treatment. It is a reddish mass lying in two lobes about the lower part of the larynx, a little larger in children and women than in men. It has been described as "the draught regulating the fire of life," and when it does not function properly diseases like cretinism are produced. Cretins are dwarfs and idiots; but cretinism generally makes its appearance as stunted growth and backward mental development. It is due to disease or absence of the thyroid gland; but administration of thyroid may cause normal development to be resumed. Even when the disease has been left untreated for years, a marked change is produced when thyroid is scientifically administered.

In all these cases, the point which I wish to make at the moment is that the glands have a comparatively simple, almost mechanical (or at any rate chemical) action; but the *ensemble* of their influences on the human body has come to be recognised as one of the most important if not the dominant factor in life. Sir Arthur Keith, some time ago, suggested that races are differentiated by their glandular make-up; that is to say, the relative force of their various glands. An American physician has gone even further in suggesting that personalities are merely a matter of different glandular prescriptions. He speaks of "pituitary," "adrenal" and "thymus" types, and his heavy emphasis merely exaggerates a reasonable thesis. But if such a thesis is to be held reasonable, what a revolution would be caused if by some means a more efficient control of the glands could be secured!

It will be noticed that no mention has been made of the nervous system, and no neurologist is likely to overlook the influence of the nerves upon personality and its expression. But in the individual the glands appear to have a more direct and essential *rôle*. We are controlled by our temperaments, and the nervous make-up has a smaller influence upon the temperament than the glands. It is at least theoretically conceivable that a time will come when a bad memory or a bad temper may equally yield to treatment by pressing upon the correct glandular lever.

But if we are disposed to regard life as a matter of

mechanics from such considerations, we must realise that we have more difficulties to face than any reasonable person is likely to challenge. The human body is a "machine" of almost infinite complexity. It is true that the action of the glands suggests the pressing upon levers. It is true that the problem of cancer at the moment appears to look more to chemistry for a solution. But we cannot ignore the findings and achievements of the psychological school. Paralysis has been traced to the force of a wrong idea, which being removed the victim recovers. Machinery has no room for the operation of ideas in this way. Still less has it any room for the factor of repair which is a constant experience of the physician.

Dr. Haldane, in pointing to the discredit into which physiology has fallen with physicians, explained it by the too ready assumption that the human body is merely a matter of chemistry and physics. It is a reasonable and necessary assumption that a body constructed of vessels and tubes, dependent for its continuous action upon a constant refuelling by chemical compounds, will and must be explicable in a very large area of its activities on chemical and physical lines. There must be physical impulses to impel the blood through the arteries against the action of gravity. There must be chemical reactions which supply measurable quantities of heat and energy. But neither physics nor chemistry affords an adequate explanation of the regrowing of a limb such as can be observed in lower organisms. The old theory of vitalism is capable of a restatement which is at least compatible with such phenomena. It is true that Dr. Haldane, in the lecture already referred to, discarded the theory in favour of a purely biological conception of life. There is, however, little difference between this and the essential idea of vitalism.

But of the mechanistic view of life he says: "I confess that . . . it is only my personal respect for those who have held it, or still hold it, that prevents me regarding it with scorn." In fine, the machine-side of life is evident and obvious, as might be expected; but it is not the whole or the essence of the problem. The clockwork man may some day be invented for special purposes; but it will remain at the end as marvellous as a clock and as limited.

The Urgency of Retrenchment

By the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth, M.P.

(Member of the Select Committee on Estimates, 1923).

"We have in our industrial centres an appalling degree of unemployment, with all its suffering and human waste, unparalleled in modern history. With industry in this deplorable condition, the national expenditure has been maintained on a reckless scale, which at no time could be justified, and which to-day is a positive danger to our economic stability!"

MR. MCKENNA.

"As long as taxation is as heavy as it is, it presses on the springs of industry. You have got to reduce expenditure until you can reduce taxation to a point at which the springs of industry are relieved, and that must be your first effort. But it follows that until you have done that, you cannot make practical progress with schemes of reform, and other things which would cost money. Let us go for a straight policy of economy as the first object, getting taxation lowered!"

LORD GREY OF FALLODON.

DURING 1920 the Coalition Government were continually deriding the cry of anti-waste and economy. They repeatedly stated in the House of Commons that they were not wasteful, and that there were no ways in which they could economise. They even challenged Members individually to show them where economies could be effected. The Campaign for National Economy brought about the appointment of the Geddes Committee, but even after this Committee had reported the Coalition Government treated its recommendations with scarcely veiled scorn. Nevertheless, the late Government having become thoroughly alarmed at the indignation of the public, Sir Robert Horne initiated economies which resulted at the end of the last financial year in a reduction of his original estimate by 97½ millions.

This is all to the good, and it created a considerable surplus during the past year, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer must dig much deeper yet. If we are to have a Conservative Government with the confidence of the people it will be necessary to reduce our expenditure by still further large sums in order that the burdens of taxation,

which at present rest so heavily on the people, may be mitigated.

Substantial economies must be effected. If they are not carried out by a Conservative Government, they will inevitably be carried out by some other Government with less concern for the British Constitution and the British Empire, and in all probability with disastrous consequences to both.

At the last election the Labour Party doubled their representation, and since the election they have gained in by-elections two further seats. I have traced the accession of strength of the Labour Party to two different causes: one bad trade, the other over-taxation.

From the patriotic point of view, all must be willing to make sacrifices in order to improve trade. Our country, of course, is built up on, and owes its prosperity to, trade. In order to maintain our vast and steadily increasing population, ever-increasing trade is necessary; otherwise, the unemployment figures must naturally expand. We can only improve trade by hard work and the lessening of our burdens. It is the duty of the State to lessen these burdens in order to maintain our national wealth and to keep our national debt in as small a ratio to our national wealth as in the days following the Napoleonic wars. The Government after those wars one hundred years ago were appalled by the debt they had to bear; but wealth increased, the population increased, and just before the late war the debt arising out of the Napoleonic wars was negligible.

Revolutions are never made purely by Socialistic propaganda. Revolutionary doctrines prepare the ground and sow the seed for political unrest, but that seed will never flourish until the country becomes in some way or other economically unsound. Indeed, if one examines the Socialistic revolutions in history one is forced to this conclusion. The example of the French Revolution is too obvious to quote. There was one most dangerous point in the history of the last century, when owing to the failure of the harvest the price of bread rose in these islands until it became beyond the means of a great part of the citizens. It was only by the introduction of Free Trade that this danger was averted.

Socialistic doctrines have been enunciated in England for many years past, and undoubtedly the ground has been prepared and the seed sown; but the Labour Party, which at the present moment represents these principles, will never succeed to power by insisting on them unless this country becomes economically unsound. We are unlikely to experience again, as far as we can see ahead, the unrest caused by failure of a harvest; but there are other causes which have undoubtedly added to the numbers of the Labour Party in the House of Commons and might be the means of their accession to power. The more trade increases and wealth expands, the less chance the Labour Party have of succeeding. But there is one brake that is, unavoidably for the most part, retarding the wheels of industry—over-taxation. This without doubt for many years to come must be the question governing all others in the country. Not only do the taxpayers and ratepayers feel the burden, but every class is beginning to realise that over-taxation affects them either directly or indirectly in whatever occupation they are engaged.

The Labour Party realises this, and proposes, in order to meet it, a Capital Levy. There is no room here to discuss in detail the pros and cons of this controversial subject, but I must briefly point out, firstly, how it would fail to yield the sums hoped for, and secondly, how it would hinder trade instead of helping it.

It is a mistake to assume that the greater part of the total wealth of the country is in the possession of a mere handful of persons liable to super-tax. One shilling in ordinary income-tax yields fifty millions, while it requires six shillings in super-tax to raise an equal amount.

Presuming the intention to be to pay off the National Debt with the Capital Levy, if you levy only on rich persons the sum realised would be so small as to mean nothing in relation to this debt. To make a Capital Levy it would be necessary to take a very high percentage of the savings of comparatively poor people; the majority of the income-tax yield derives from the small investor in industrial and business concerns; it is only when one deals with masses of people that large sums can be realised. Rich people are such a small number relatively that their total wealth, were it all assessed and liquefied, would not be of

much help. But the Labour Party for political reasons wish to mulct people who have over £5,000 capital, though the amount realised by such a levy would be relatively small. It is clearly only by a levy on persons who have well under £5,000 in capital that really substantial sums would be realised. Thus the Capital Levy proposed by the Labour Party must inevitably fail to furnish the huge sums imagined by its protagonists.

Presuming, however, that the requisite capital is there, ready for the levying, the attempt to make the levy on it would be disastrous to our trade. One can, and indeed we do, exact a levy in the form of death duties because everybody does not die at once; but if one levied from all capital at once, everybody would be a seller and no buyer could be found, with the result that there would be an enormous disturbance of every industry in the country, a gigantic depreciation in the value of all securities, and in the end very little money would be realised to meet the Government's demand notes. To avoid this cataclysm, the suggestion is therefore made to spread the levy over a term of years; but in such a form a Capital Levy becomes merely another income-tax. As the present income-tax is already depressing trade, a further impost would cause universal misery and reduce trade to a complete standstill.

As an adjunct to the Capital Levy, a course of inflation is proposed; and it is argued that by simply printing paper money the whole of the National Debt could be paid off, as has happened in Germany. Moreover, by the same procedure the Labour Party could redeem their promise of high wages. Such a course would greatly deplete the credit of this country, have a calamitous effect on the Empire, and in the end benefit nobody; since the law of economics would see to it that if men's wages were doubled their purchasing power would be proportionately diminished, while holders of Government stock would suffer cruel injustice.

The Labour Party, however, put forward the Capital Levy as a means of paying off the National Debt and reducing taxation, and many people vote for them in the hope that any change would be better than present conditions. Something more than propaganda is needed to point out

to the people the fallacies of the Labour Party doctrines. It is necessary to remove the cause, as far as possible, of the complaint; it is necessary to reduce the taxes and rates of this country to a level which it is really possible for people to pay. This, so far as the Conservative Party is concerned, can only be done by the reduction of expenditure. It is imperative that the Conservative Party recognise this, and set about doing it. Only then will the reduction of taxation become possible.

What are the principal avenues of expenditure? The Army, Navy, Air Force, Education, Civil Service. How are we to reduce expenditure upon them? We must cut all these estimates to bare necessities. There was no necessity, to quote a well-known instance, to decide upon the Singapore Dock for giant Dreadnoughts. By the time any danger could be sensed in the air from that quarter Dreadnoughts would probably be obsolete; yet millions are being spent on this dockyard. The newly-created Air Force insists on having everything the older Services have had; they must have their own equivalents for Dartmouth and Sandhurst, and their own hospitals; they must have training centres on the most extravagant scale; they must launch out into large building costs, instead of experimenting how to cut down the scale of 50 men on the ground to 2 in the air. In the field of education, most County Council and local authorities are continually being subjected to interference from the Board of Education. The Board in London thinks it knows the requirements of local authorities much better than the local authorities themselves; consequently we have some rural areas with a handful of children costing huge sums to the Exchequer while the teacher in the village is one of the richest persons in the neighbourhood. In these districts the burdens very often fall principally to the farmers, who have to pay a share far out of proportion to the income from their farms. County Councils and local authorities should have the power to say how much they will spend on education. They are elected bodies and know the local needs. The Board must, of course, have some control, but not in the same proportion or carried out in the same meddlesome spirit as at the present time. There is plenty of scope for economy in education without impairing the instruction

which the children receive. The Labour Ministry formed since the war absorbs vast sums in administration costs, and the Labour Exchanges, whose abolition I advocated two years ago, are still causing needless expenditure. The administration of all departments should be subjected to radical examination.

One very big question is that of the Government pay-roll. If the Estimates are to show any large reduction, the pay of large numbers in the Government Services must suffer a reduction; soldiers, sailors, airmen, teachers, civil servants, inspectors, bureaucrats of all classes must have their pay reduced. The level which the pay of the Services has reached has rendered reductions in expenditure exceedingly difficult. Naturally, each individual section revolts; but if all sections together would accept a 10 per cent. reduction (though the percentage might vary in some grades) a great economy in the Estimates would be realised, and remission of taxation would become possible. It is essential, therefore, that the Conservative Party should work for economy, and thus avert the evils that would befall the country should any Party less stable in its outlook, and having less regard for the constitutional principles and practices which have built up this great Empire, come into power.

The New Education

By G. B. Grundy, D.Litt.

AFTER four and a-half years of turmoil, which optimistic politicians have called peace, those English men and women who can withdraw their minds temporarily from a contemplation of the many confusions abroad would do well to consider the development of affairs in certain important departments of the home life of this country.

A generation which educates itself on catchwords and cinemas, a generation which is quite ready to accept the statements of political and educational propagandists at their face value, was much edified by the verbal picture shows provided for it gratis in the period immediately succeeding the war. Great Britain and Ireland were to be made "a land for heroes to live in." Many of the heroes soon found that that phrase, translated into practical life, meant doles in Great Britain and death in Ireland. "Self-determination" was the prescription for the ills of Europe. The phrase was the invention of one who knew nothing of the peoples of that continent; but it was accepted by politicians in this country, who regarded it as a bait wherewith to catch votes; and, having neither by education nor experience any real knowledge of the spirit and the genius of the peoples with which they proposed to deal, were unable to foresee the impossible situations which would arise from its application. That such was their ignorance was shown by the talent they subsequently displayed for putting their money on the wrong horse in the various complications which ensued when this panacea for all political woes was applied to the European situation.

But this principle, or catchword, of "self-determination" was to have startling developments in the internal life of our own country. It came to be applied to a movement in the inception of which it played no part. The movement was educational. It was started in the last years of the war, when certain people began to say how much better it would have been for the younger generation had they, instead of wasting their time on Latin, Greek, and suchlike things, been taught to manufacture high

explosives, poison gas, and other effective means of destroying their fellow men. This may all seem very absurd at the present time, so absurd as to be incredible; but those who have a clear recollection of those years will remember that there were plenty of people who adopted this line of argument quite seriously. When the war came to an end, it became plain that young persons who had passed through this form of liberal education would not be able to make a living except as political desperadoes in Ireland or elsewhere, a line of life which did not commend itself to parents of respectable middle-class families, though the British Government lost no time in providing fields for the exercise of the profession not merely in Ireland but also in India. Thus the earliest ideal of a post-war education died a natural death.

The war was hardly over ere a new movement started. Its supporters based their general ideas apparently on the major premiss that the Victorian age had proved its inefficiency by dying in the war. Therefore any change from the ways of that age must necessarily be a change for the better: in the novel alone was the good to be found. The outward and visible signs of this enlightenment were a tendency to go without a hat, to wear old clothes of unpleasing appearance, and to adopt a general aspect of uncleanliness, simulated if not real. This movement as applied to education was of a dual character, proceeding from two different sources. But the two streams of ideas eventually united in one turbid flood.

As far as the great public schools went, the war had brought into being a new class of clients—those parents who came out of it richer than they were when it began. They could now afford to send their offspring to the more expensive schools. There has always been in this country a class of parents who, though they sent their sons to the best schools they could afford, were more or less indifferent to the intellectual acquirements made by their boys during their school life. If they did well, so much the better. If they did badly, not much the worse. But what these parents did not recognise, and could hardly be expected to recognise, was that their sons had been forced to pass through a more or less effective mental training in subjects presenting considerable intellectual diffi-

culties which had to be overcome, and that, even if they had overcome but a few of them, they had thereby learnt some of the elements of the highest intellectual processes, and could apply them with more or less success to the problems which faced them in later life. Study of the classical languages was not the only means by which such training could be imparted. The problems presented by mathematics, though different in nature, afforded that same logical training of the mind which resulted from the solution of the difficulties involved in the interpretation of Latin and Greek. It would be ridiculous to say that the results attained were such as they would have been under a better organised school system; but at any rate a certain amount of work was demanded from the average boy, and, if necessary, forced upon him; and he was not allowed to choose soft options on the one ground which appeals to him—that they do not involve much work.

There is another class of parents, the professional class, of which the children of one section, the clergy, are now far less represented in the public schools than they were before the war, for the very good reason that its present economic position is such as to make it impossible for many of them to give their boys an education in the larger public schools. Parsons' sons are proverbially young scamps. That is as it may be; but they are boys who have had peculiar opportunities of acquiring intellectual interests from the life and conversation of their family; and that they, unconsciously maybe, made use of these opportunities is shown by the notorious success which they won in various departments of intellectual life. Moreover, their fathers, educated themselves in Latin and Greek, were not in the least likely to wish their sons to be trained in modern literature, civics, etc., in lieu of the classical languages. And so these young scamps of clerical origin did as a rule play an important part in raising the intellectual standard of the boys with whom they were associated. But, for the reason above stated, this class of boy has ceased to be a large source of supply for the public schools; and he need only be catered for in so far as he is likely to afford material for scholarship advertisement. It is the commercial parent who now supplies the mass of the "commoners" as distinguished

from the "scholars" of the schools; and, as he pays the piper, he thinks he may also call the tune—and he has called it. It is to him that the appeal in this paper is addressed, for, so long as English education is organised on its present lines, it is the parent who will determine the course which education outside the Government schools shall follow. It is easy to imagine that the schoolmasters and the teachers in the universities are the controllers in this matter. It is easy to assert that, if they are not, it is their own fault. But this imagination and this assertion are, like so many easy things, not even half the truth. It is necessary to have been a headmaster in order to understand the position. A headmaster is under a governing body which tests his success by his capacity to maintain or increase the numbers in the school. To do so he must conform to the changing fashions in education, to the new fashions which have taken the fancy of the average parent. Otherwise his numbers will fall, and so will he. He may be convinced that the old theories and methods are infinitely the better; but he is very rarely in a position to face financial martyrdom for his opinions. There is no solidarity among the headmasters. They hold conferences. They form associations. But the fundamental fact is that they are in competition with one another; and therefore each has to fear a competitor who adopts a popular line.

The position of the universities in respect to subject and standard in education is stronger than that of the schools, because they are their own governors. But with them, too, the financial question of numbers cannot be ignored. Any university which demanded a standard which the schools could not meet, or subjects which the schools said they could no longer teach, would deplete its numbers to such an extent that there would be many vacant places even in the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge; and that would eventually mean an impossible financial situation. The standard at the universities is set by the schools; and the policy of those schools which are not controlled by Government is dictated by the popular demand of the moment. It is therefore to the parent, not to the schoolmaster or to the university teacher, that this appeal is addressed. If he cannot be

convinced that a very serious mistake has been made both in the theory and practice of post-war education, then it is probable that the present unsatisfactory state of things will continue for some time longer. As a fact, "unsatisfactory" is a very mild term to apply to the present position of education in our schools and, consequently, in our universities. It is, however, a comfort to feel that, even if the parent be unconvinced by this or any other appeal, his own experience in the near future will show him the folly of the system which has come into being since the war. What is a father to do with sons who have never been called upon to study subjects which provide an adequate mental training, who have never acquired or attempted to acquire any real knowledge of the subjects they have been set, or, rather, allowed, to study, and who, so far from having acquired any habit of work, have acquired an almost ineradicable habit of idleness? It is not the fault of the sons. They are only doing exactly what their parents would have done, had they been educated under such a system.

Those who have been engaged in education for the last twenty-five years will know how this new system came into being. The movement for change began with the attack on compulsory Greek at the universities. It is not the purpose of this paper to argue in favour of that subject being compulsory for all entrants into Oxford or any other university; in fact, the present writer was the original proposer of a statute which, after consideration by a committee, was actually brought before the university. By that statute those who had obtained scholarships in mathematics or natural science were to be exempted from Greek. It actually passed through Congregation, that legislative body which is composed of resident members of the university; but the Greek-at-any-price party summoned up their clerical legions from the frontiers of the Empire, and the measure was thrown out by the non-resident members of that body known as Convocation. Its opponents have had bitter cause to regret their opposition, for, had this measure passed, it would have taken all the sting out of the subsequent attacks on Greek. The concession to mathematics and natural science was not made as a compromise with a view to

saving Greek; but on the sound principle that those who had shown that they were capable of specialising with profit to themselves in non-literary subjects of a highly educative character should not be called on to spend their time on other subjects which had little bearing on the studies they proposed to pursue.

The attack on Greek before the war was merely a phase of a larger movement—a combined movement of those on the one hand who wished to follow the line of least resistance in education, and on the other of a much larger body whose cry was for "practical" education, meaning thereby those subjects which could be converted without delay into pounds, shillings, and pence. During the war the practical section began its activities with the advocacy of the poison gas and explosives theory, of the demise of which there has already been occasion to speak. When the war was over they altered their ground to an advocacy of "real" subjects, such as modern languages, chemistry, engineering, etc. This movement was received with rapture by educational faddists, a body ever ready to adopt any new idea, provided that they can tack on to it some novel idea of their own.

The British parent would do well, before committing his son's education to the care of such innovators, to enquire what practical success has in the past attended their individual efforts as teachers. There have been within the present generation, and there are now, certain headmasters of great public schools who have made an exceptional reputation for capacity in their office. No one who knows or has known them would describe any one of them as an educational faddist. There have also been faddists who have made conspicuous failures in like offices. Any university teacher can from his own experience of their pupils point to assistant masters in certain schools who are peculiarly able teachers. One university tutor at any rate can say that he has known various members of this exceptional class, and that not one of them has shown the slightest trace of educational faddism.

Had the "practical" element in this new coalition been left to itself, it is possible that not much harm might have been done. Improvement in the teaching of modern languages was sorely needed in English schools. But the

faddist collaborators were prepared to go much further than this. The theory of "self-determination" in education was to be applied to the British schoolboy. Jones Minor, reaching years of discretion at the age of sixteen or thereabouts, was to have the same privileges as Czecho-Slovakia and other ragged patches on the post-war map of Europe. Pictures were drawn of a post-war English schoolboy devouring with loving zeal treatises on those studies for which he professed a devotion—or, at any rate, a preference. Unimaginative persons who had had many years experience of the English schoolboy began to suspect that someone was mad. But when certain head-masters of great public schools, some of which had enjoyed in the past a well-merited reputation for good work, proceeded to adopt this theory of self-determination, then suspicion became certainty. Of the immediate results of this policy startling rumours reached Oxford. In one great public school 50 per cent. of the boys who had reached years of discretion (under this theory) determined to devote themselves to engineering, which meant toy engines and little intellectual exertion. Assistant masters in this school, when questioned on the subject, diverted the conversation to the weather. The general result in the schools which adopted this policy was a scramble for soft options.

Nor did Oxford remain free from the ravages of the educational faddist. The assault on compulsory Greek was renewed. The supporters of Greek, who might years before have staved off the attack by common sense concessions to real proficiency in subjects in which Greek played no part, now found themselves faced by the veteran battalions of their old enemies, warriors whose courage was heightened, like that of the ancient Germans in battle, by the appeals of women; for women were demanding an Oxford degree, and they were determined to break down the formidable barrier which Greek presented to their ambition. Timorous supporters of the language were scared by speeches referring to the writing on the wall, (presumably in some modern language *pro hac vice*), to Royal Commissions and such like horrors. Yet for a time the Greeks put up a gallant fight against heavy odds, until a certain section in their ranks hoisted the white flag, and

proceeded to negotiate on the basis of Greek studied in English translations only. (Fancy an art student being set to study the works of Rembrandt in chromolithographs!) With this resistance collapsed.

Those schoolmasters who opposed Greek on this occasion had now the chance of justifying their attitude by showing what advance might be made in the teaching of modern languages, now that the time previously devoted to Greek was available for this purpose. Had they made use of the opportunity, there would have been little reason for the writing of this article and the making of this appeal, for it is made not on behalf of the exceptional boy who can take a scholarship at the university, but on behalf of the mass of boys who either come up to the university without scholarships, or do not come up to the university at all. The work of those who come up to the university is seen in the intermediate pass examinations. The candidates run to hundreds, and therefore their work affords a good criterion of the standard attained in the schools. Also at the present time these candidates are the products of these post-war ideas in education.

Of the four languages—Latin, Greek, French, and German—Greek and German may be left out of account, as hardly any offer them. Nor will the fact that the standard in Latin is so low that examiners have difficulty in finding proses and unseens such as the candidates can possibly translate arouse much emotion in the minds of those parents who are eager for their sons to have a "practical" education. But in French the standard is as low as, if not lower than, in Latin; and in language subjects French may presumably be regarded as "practical." It would be almost indecent to give examples of the mistakes which are made. They are mistakes for which a child of the benighted Victorian age would have been whipped; and they are not found in only a few papers, but in the large majority of the proses and unseens which are shown up. As to the question papers in prose and unseen they are so easy that they might be set to boys of thirteen in any good preparatory school. Some of the recent papers are in print; and so the nature of them can be judged by anyone who chooses to purchase them.

Where does the fault lie? Those who know the work

of the preparatory schools will not be persuaded that it is with them. Their work is, as a rule, admirable. Never was the education of young boys better conducted in this country than it is at the present time. Many public schoolboys admit that, after one or even two years at a public school, they are doing work such as they did in the higher forms of their preparatory school. *They* do not complain. It saves them mental exertion. It is a joke to them.

Nor does the fault lie with the universities, for they are dependent ultimately, for reasons already given, on the standard attained by the schools from which they draw their students. In order to maintain its numbers at the present time Oxford is obliged to admit men whose education while at the university, especially in modern languages, is a problem which is most embarrassing to the colleges. Their education ought to begin from the kindergarten stage; and the staff of a college is neither designed nor fitted for elementary instruction of that kind. At Oxford the centre of modern language teaching is the Taylorian Institution. But can the teachers in this institution, men of the highest eminence and capacity in their subjects, be expected to bring down the level of their instruction to the standard of pupils who do not know that " cettes " is not the feminine plural of " ce," or that " tout le " is not a correct translation of " all of it "?

The schoolmasters sometimes ascribe the poor standard of French in their schools to the fact that the universities do not offer a sufficiently large number of scholarships in modern languages. Various colleges have offered such scholarships in the last few years. Of their general experience it is impossible for any single individual to speak, because college examiners are not as a rule communicative on the internal affairs of their own colleges. But in one recent case in which a well-known college offered such a scholarship in French, three candidates out of the thousands of boys who are supposed to be studying French in the schools offered themselves for examination; and, had a standard relative to the standard demanded for classical scholarships been taken, not one of them would have been elected. Pious founders did not found scholarships for the endowment of ignorance.

For thirty years past the schools have claimed that they have improved the standard of work in modern languages. Before the war there were faint signs of such improvement. There was, indeed, a large margin for it. But if the improvement was such as was claimed, then why has it not shown itself in the Honour School of Modern Languages which has existed for twenty or more years at Oxford? The percentage of the number of the public school boys who have come up to Oxford represented by those who have offered themselves for this examination since this honour school started would have to be expressed in decimals.

Another fact which comes out in the intermediate examinations at Oxford is the contrast between the standard in French attained by the men and women candidates respectively. Out of about one hundred women candidates in a recent examination hardly any failed in that subject, whereas the number of failures among the men was very large. The standard taken for passing was indeed very low; but, had it been raised to a reasonable height, nearly all the women who passed would still have passed, whereas the number of failures among the men would have been simply appalling. This can only point to one conclusion: that the teaching of modern languages in the girls' schools is infinitely more effective with the average pupil than that in the boys' schools in the country.

Nor is it merely in foreign languages that university examinations disclose defects of the gravest character. Few papers do not contain misspellings, and many are strewn with childish mistakes of that kind. The average boy's literary education in his own language has been a farce.

There are certain people in the world of English education, both in the universities and the schools, who excuse their own and others' failures by the allegation that the average English boy is not capable of aught but a very moderate standard of intellectual attainment. Seven years' experience of teaching candidates for Sandhurst and Woolwich, followed by nine years' experience as a pass tutor at Oxford, has given the present writer a large experience of such average young Englishmen. The stupid boy is exceptional. He is by no means the

"average" boy. It is impossible to pass through such an experience without being impressed with the awful intellectual wastage which goes on in this country owing to the slackness of many of the public schools in dealing with the education of this "average" boy. And the wastage is certainly greater now than it was before the war. Of any large group of young Englishmen in the last fifty years the best modern language scholars were probably those who passed into the army between 1880 and 1890. They were stupid (*sic*) boys from the public schools of that day; and yet within a space of time which did not certainly average more than eighteen months, these "average" boys, who had left school and gone to an Army tutor with no knowledge of German and hardly any knowledge of French, became able to speak those languages fairly well, and to translate unseen from an English book into either of them. Most of them wanted to work; and those who did not were made to do so.

This post-war system of "self-determination" is based upon the assumption that the average boy will work on subjects of his own choice. The principle on which the average boy chooses is that those subjects are pleasantest which involve the least amount of work; and, having based his choice on that principle, he has no intention whatever of doing more than the minimum of work. Upon the unfortunate assistant master is placed the burden of carrying out an impossible system. If the boys in his class are lazy, then it is his fault, for he is carrying out a system which ought to ensure voluntary work from the boy. He must not punish for idleness. That could never be permitted, punishment for such a thing being a logical absurdity in a system which assumes that the boy will be willing to work on subjects of his own choice.

Those whose children are past the school age would, if they knew the facts, be thankful that their children had not to pass through their school life under the present dispensation. But of those whose children are at school or are about to go there it may be asked, "Are you willing to spend large sums on an education the results of which, at any rate on the side of languages, are such as have been described? If you are unconvinced by the evidence here adduced, you can test the matter for yourselves by

questioning your children. But you have forgotten so much that you learnt at school! Be confident! Your children have never learnt that which you have forgotten; and the little you remember is more than they have ever learnt."

As has been said before, it is to these parents that this appeal is addressed, for it is they only who can bring that pressure to bear which will make education a reality, and not a vanity founded on theories which ignore the nature of the average boy. The times in which we are living do not admit of a falling off of the standard of attainment, but demand an increase of it. Of England and Englishmen this is peculiarly true. We are no longer in the position in which our fathers were, men who got in on the ground floor of the edifice of the world, and thereby enjoyed a position the advantages of which compensated for defects of knowledge and skill. In the modern world education which gives men the capacity for acquiring knowledge is of infinitely more importance than it was fifty years ago. The Germans demonstrated that to us in the most unmistakeable way in the twenty years preceding the war. No one who knows the facts with regard to trade abroad in those years can have any doubt that they were in 1914 well on their way to an economic conquest of the world, a conquest which would have been due to their splendid system of education. The demands which modern life makes on those who would succeed in the world are, in respect both to width and accuracy of knowledge, much greater than they were even when the present generation of fathers were boys.

Last of all, parents might possibly do well to consider the experience of one who has spent about equal periods of the last forty years in teaching ancient and modern languages. They may even find, on thinking the matter over, that it is in a sense their own. Compulsory Greek has gone. In its undiluted form it was not wholly a blessing. But, perhaps, if you look back on your own school days you may recognise the fact that your mental training owed more to the study of the difficult than of the easy. You may recognise that, on the linguistic side of your education, the study of a difficult language made the problems of a less difficult one much easier than they

would otherwise have been. You may never have got beyond Xenophon's Anabasis, of which your most vivid recollection may be the relief you felt when it fell to you to translate a chapter concerned mainly with parasangs. You may never have been designed by nature or inclination to become a great Greek scholar. But you were all the same and all the time learning and practising mental processes which you could not have acquired from any less easy subject of study. So do not, when you send your boy to school, tell his master that you do not want him to learn Greek. Perhaps the boy may go farther than you ever did, and become really acquainted with a literature which will appeal to him and influence his life far more than any modern literature can do. At any rate, you will be giving him those advantages which you, perhaps unconsciously, enjoyed yourself. And—if you are practically minded—it will make him infinitely more quick and more capable in his study of modern languages.

But it is possible to be a believer in Greek as a subject of education without undervaluing a course of study in which modern languages play a great part. So, when those who have raised an outcry against Greek fail to fulfil the professions which they made as an excuse for their agitation; when they substitute a system of education founded on assumptions which everyone who has had a real experience of teaching knows to be not merely untrue, but the reverse of the truth; and when all this results in what is, in fact, if not in intention, an educational fraud, it is time that someone who knows the facts at an early stage should take the unpopular course of attempting to shorten the evil days on which education has fallen.

Of the state of things in mathematics and natural science the present writer cannot speak; but certain teachers of those subjects have intimated to him that, as far as the mass of boys in public schools is concerned, the position is much the same as with regard to modern languages.

This criticism of the schools, though very general, is not, of course, universal in its application. That is what might be expected. But the evil is so great and so wide as to call for a prompt remedy.

The Cancer Problem

By Medicus

It has long been known that certain tissue cells survive for days after death of the whole body. Thus the excised heart suitably fed with an oxygenated solution of certain salts in proper dilution may beat for days: even the heart taken from the dead body of a child has thus been made to beat. The ciliated cells of the respiratory membrane continue to wave their cilia long after death, and white corpuscles taken from the blood may live in glass tubes kept cool for months under proper conditions. So, too, skin epithelium may be used for transplantation in the operation of skin grafting if taken hours after cessation of life. Of recent years the cultivation of tissue cells outside the body has been developed on lines similar to the cultivation of bacteria. Harrison (U.S.A.) was the first to study the development of nerve fibres in microscopic fragments of nervous tissues taken from tadpoles and put to grow in coagulated lymph taken from an adult frog. Blood plasma was next found to be suitable for the growth of several kinds of tissue cells outside the body. Blood was collected in sterile iced and paraffin-lined tubes from the living animal, so as to be wholly uncontaminated with bacteria, and in this chick tissues, heart muscle, connective tissue cells, tumour cells, etc., were grown, the cultures being put in incubators at body temperature and sub-cultures frequently made with the greatest precautions against bacterial contamination. It was next shown that cultures of both embryonic and normal adult tissues, as well as tumours, may be grown in a suitable saline medium for an indefinite period so long as an embryonic extract is present as well. The Rockefeller Institute reported in 1922 that a strain of living connective tissue cells had completed the tenth year of its life in vitro. The incubators contained cultures which on January 17th, 1922, represented the 1,860th generation of these connective tissue cells, and the growth of the sub-cultures of fragments taken from these cultures was as rapid as ever, each doubling its volume in forty-eight hours. In ten years more than 30,000 cultures have been derived from a fragment

of heart less than a small pin's head in size. If it had been feasible to multiply the tissues to their greatest possible extent, to-day the mass would be very much larger than the sun. The cells so cultured and protected from all insult are potentially immortal, comparable in this respect to uni-cellular organisms, such as Infusoria, a strain of which has been sub-cultured on similar lines for over fourteen years. Pure cultures of cells outside the body are as necessary for study in physiology as pure cultures of micro-organisms in bacteriology.

The study of the effect of a change in composition of the culture medium on such a strain of cells can be taken up and substances detected which have the power of increasing or decreasing the rate of cell proliferation. Thus the presence of a certain substance, or substances, in embryonic juice has a powerful activating effect, while adult blood serum has an opposite effect, its inhibiting power increasing with age of the animal from which the serum was taken. While in the case of adult tissues growth does not occur in saline solutions without addition of embryonic tissue extract, a temporary growth does take place in the case of tumours and embryonic tissues. The active substances in the extract are unknown, but they are destroyed by heating and may pass through a porcelain filter.

The above strain of cells has also been used in the study of immunity. Thus it can be sensitized by a dose of foreign protein, and its response in growth to a second dose of this protein has been studied.

The workers of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund have shown that differentiation of the typical structure of organ cells when cultured in vitro depends on the presence of connective cells. Thus kidney cells by themselves form undifferentiated sheets of tissue on the surface of the culture medium. When grown together with connective tissue they form themselves into tubules such as are found in the kidney. So, too, with cancer cells. The connective tissue which has this controlling effect may be derived from any organ. Such experiments demonstrate the delicate balance between cells, a balance which is believed to be upset in the growth of cancer. In the majority of such cultures the connective tissue cells grow more rapidly and tend to overgrow and destroy the other cells.

It has been found that damaged tissue cells yield extracts which have an augmenting effect on the growth of cells outside the body; highly malignant cancer cells yield the activating substances in far greater amount than the cells of slow-growing tumours. Cells from the most malignant cancers grow more rapidly in vitro than those of less malignancy.

Regarding cancer as due to the parasitism of certain tissue cells, either, embryonic remnants taking on growth in the adult, or cells excited to unbalanced growth by some long-continued influence, for example by certain parasites, tar which produces cancer in tar workers, X-rays which has produced cancer following inflammation of the skin in those over-exposed to these rays, so regarding it, we see how the study of cells cultivated outside the body may possibly lead to the discovery of substances which activate and inhibit growth and so to prevention and cure of cancer. Our own Imperial Cancer Research Fund workers are now foremost in this promising field.

In the case of one particular form of sarcoma which affects fowls there is an exciting cause, probably a microbe, which passes through a coarse, but not through a fine porcelain filter. This cause instigates the growth of the cells to such a degree that very large tumours develop in a fortnight; the application of tar takes months to provoke proportionately large tumours in mice. This cause must have then a profound power of stimulating growth—a veritable food not of the gods imagined by Wells, but of the devil. It is now receiving the study it deserves at the hands of one of the best workers in this country. In connection with the question of tar and soot cancer, efforts are being made to separate the chemically active substance, or substances, and the best international workers have combined in this effort, and are exchanging ideas and experimental results. It is noteworthy that in Manchester the deaths from cancer have doubled in thirty years. This, no doubt, is due in part to people living longer. Cancer is a disease of age and increases steadily with each decade of life; 1 in 7 over thirty years of age die of cancer; of those who die of other diseases over sixty years of age 3 per cent. were found on autopsy to have cancer unrevealed during life. In the North-Western District, however, in the last fifty years, the

death-rate of late middle age (fifty-five to sixty) has not gone down. It is the infants, children, and younger adults whose lives have been conserved and extended. It is a question well worth study as to how far the filthy pollution of the air, houses, clothes, and skin with coal smoke, soot, and flue dust, contributes to the increase of cancer. Statistical enquiry, now started, will show whether there is any such influence at work.

An idea appears to prevail among certain laymen of wealth and position backed by fashionable surgeons and physicians that the cure of cancer can be bought just as shells were bought to win the war by the expenditure of enough money in five years. The truth is very far from this, and those who subscribe to the new Empire Cancer Fund are not the least likely to escape any the more from cancer merely through their subscriptions swelling the fund to the million pounds which the promoters aim at.

The best brains engaged in medical research in all countries already have their attention turned to the cancer problem, and any one of the many lines of research into the nature of biological reactions and laws of growth may perchance point the way to a solution. The scientific literature is immense, and the suggestions of laymen in the Press puerile. Long training and rare powers of mind are required for physiological research, and these qualities cannot be bought wholesale. A grant has not been refused by the Medical Research Council to any trained British worker who has offered in recent years to study cancer. What is needed is the steady and sufficient help of the present research laboratories such as this Council gives. People must understand that what is needed is general advancement of biological knowledge; through that, not specialisation, triumph over cancer will most probably come. A new cancer research fund, uncontrolled by the advice of the best scientific medical researchers, will almost certainly be wasted.

By all means let the funds for research be increased, but the control of such funds must be placed in the proper hands. The public must understand that the men who do medical research will not be controlled by fashionable consultants—who advertise themselves while appealing for the new cancer fund—or by professional administrators.

Our Pillory

The Alien Masters of the Labour Party

"THE age of chivalry is gone," said Burke. In like fashion, when we read the utterances, or examine the aspirations of the Labour Party, we incline to say that the age of reason has departed. That party is tied to Socialism and by Socialism is dragged through the political arena, as the dead body of Hector was drawn by his conqueror round the walls of Troy. But Socialism, as was pointed out in our issue of last month, is a defiance of Nature itself. We showed that in seeking to attain human unity through the disintegration of all previous processes, and in forbidding its votaries to work according to the full measure of their power, it is the very negation of natural law. Not greatly, then, need we wonder that the exponents of this nescience exhibit an equal folly when, as in the case of the recent "International Socialist Congress" at Hamburg, they attempt to deal with the complicated world problems of to-day.

In that Congress were assembled over three thousand delegates of the doctrinaires whose egregious theories are leading directly to the starvation of the poor and the ruin of civilisation. Needless to say that leaders of English trades unions figured in the list, which included Mr. Henderson, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Buxton, and Mr. Wallhead, all members of the Labour Party in the House of Commons, together with Mr. Sidney Webb. A German, Herr Otto Wels, of course, presided, and eight hundred of the delegates were of his nationality.

A ludicrous and paradoxical feature of this witches' sabbath of incarnated fallacies was the perplexity of its attitude towards Bolshevism. Bolshevism is of Socialism at once the child, the tyrant, and the destroyer. It is its progeny in that, without the prior spread of the Socialistic doctrine of State ownership of capital, Bolshevism could never have cursed the world with its advent. It is its

master, because—while the path of history is strewn with the failures of voluntary Socialist experiment—the Bolsheviks have applied the Socialist idea in the only manner in which, on a great scale, it can be translated into effect, namely, by savage violence and ruthless slaughter. It is its destroyer, inasmuch as it has reduced the whole Socialist scheme to the greatest, as well as the worst, tragical absurdity which mankind has ever seen.

The Bolsheviks, moreover, resemble the Roman Inquisition of the Middle Ages in demanding the most absolute submission to their tenets on the part of everyone subject to their rule. For the smallest deviation therefrom, death, or torture followed by death, is the penalty. Not Torquemada, when he burnt nine thousand heretics at Seville in a single year, or Alva when he butchered the Netherlanders, was more inexorable than is "the Dictation of the Proletariat." And as the least heterodoxy was wont to consign its exhibitor to the flames, so the modern Socialist finds himself doomed to destruction, wherever the power of the autocrats of Moscow can reach him, if he fail to render them the unquestioning obedience of the absolute slave. According to the evidence of two Russian delegates, this diabolical cruelty is applied to women equally with men. (Incidentally, they mentioned that "child mortality had reached a terrible figure," and that "there was a large increase in prostitution, even amongst children." "Women had the right to vote, *but only if they voted with the Communists.*")

Confronted thus with the dire results of previous Socialist activities, this Socialist Congress was not only puzzled, but evidently driven into a state of mental confusion seldom paralleled. Resolutions were passed of the most absurdly opposite tenour. The general resolution declared that "the Imperialism of the ruling capitalist classes was driving humanity into new wars," while "the proletariat offered as its alternative a policy of peace, the freedom of peoples, and Socialism which alone could ensure peace to the world." Another resolution demanded (according to *The Times* report) "the evacuation of Georgia by the Soviet, the restoration of Georgian sovereignty, and the liberation of Armenia from Turkish misrule." How are these ends to be gained save by armed

force? Is there anything on earth more certain than that the Reds of Russia, so long as they remain in power, will fight to defend whatever territory they have seized, and that the nationalist Turks will never free Armenia until driven out at the point of the bayonet? How then is the vaunted " policy of peace " compatible with the attainment of these aims? Their very statement amounts, in fact, to a demonstration of the futility of such patter.

Yet even this resolution pales in essential absurdity beside that, also passed, concerning reparations. This laid down " that the reparations problem could only be solved by a complete and sincere agreement between Germany and her creditors, without methods of force or occupation of territory." In view of the well-established fact that Germany is incapable of sincerity and that she will never discharge one penny more of her obligations than she is absolutely compelled, this Hamburg declaration, if acted upon, would amount to that country's full release from liability. The Congress, however, in the ripeness of its wisdom, further proposed the creation of " a plan of payments which, with the help of international credit operations, should free Germany of her debt as soon as possible and place the necessary cash at the disposal of her creditors." International credit operations here play the part which used to be assigned in ancient Greek mythology to some god from Olympus. How the miracle is to be performed is naturally not mentioned. International credit is to find that out. In other words, this Socialist Congress, whose very *raison d'être* is the abolition of capitalism, appeals to capitalism to solve the problem with which it is itself hopelessly incompetent to deal.

But why, it may be asked, should the inanities of a mainly foreign crowd of Socialist cranks at Hamburg possess any real interest for the people of England? It is a question which might well be put by one born under the dominion of Victorian ideas prevalent at a time when such foolishness, if noticed at all, would have excited only contemptuous ridicule. Unhappily, the case now is widely different. For those foreign cranks have become the lords and masters of His Majesty's Opposition in the House of Commons. The leaders amongst the Labour Party, the trades union chiefs who attended that Congress, have

placed themselves under the orders of a foreign Socialist executive committee, of which but one member is British. (We have to thank the *Sunday Pictorial* for having drawn public attention to this portentous circumstance in an article, for which its author, Mr. Lovat Fraser, deserves a place, not in our pillory, but on our pedestal.) Henceforth, as the genii in the *Arabian Nights* had to obey the commands of him who rubbed a certain lamp, so will the whole Labour Party of Britain have to comply with the behests of the majority who sway that committee. Labour's parliamentary representatives have become puppets pulled by a foreign string. They will be marched to and fro in the lobbies of the House of Commons like marionettes controlled by the Hidden Hand. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will be but the prancing figurehead of the show. It is a position, one would have supposed, of almost intolerable ignominy such as, most assuredly, no man in an equivalent position has ever previously held. But this ignominy and this shame are not his alone. They attach equally to all his followers in the House and, not to those only, but to the whole body of electors in Great Britain who voted for Labour at the last General Election. Amongst these were certainly very many who so acted out of sheer disgust at the fatuity and corruption of Mr. Lloyd George's Coalition Ministry. Never again are such as those likely to support Labour. Let the facts of the case once be spread abroad in the nation, and the mad reign of Socialism in a number of constituencies will be at end. For it will be plain that to vote for Labour is to vote for the practical termination of parliamentary government and the substitution of an absolute foreign dictation.

We here in England are concerned less with the Congress itself than with the action in relation to it of the British delegates representing the Parliamentary Labour Party of Great Britain. That action was of a nature to make their names stink in the nostrils of every decent Englishman and Englishwoman in this land. These leaders of the Opposition, these members of Parliament elected by British constituencies, accepted the statutes of a new International, of which the first is that " the Socialist International unites Socialist workmen's parties which acknowledge their aim to be the substitution of Socialistic

for capitalistic production, and class warfare to be the means of emancipation for the working class."

The second statute, also accepted, is as follows:—"The Socialist Workmen's International is a living reality only so far as its decisions in all international questions are binding for all its parts. Any decision of the international organisation, therefore, signifies the voluntary limitation of the autonomy of the parties of separate countries."

Here we have two principles definitely stated: (1) That of class warfare; (2) that of the subjection of the Legislature in this country, or in any other where Socialism is dominant, to the tyranny of an international *vehm gericht*, that executive committee which, plotting in secret, may become one day the master of England.

The pungency of the situation thus created lies in the inability of the Labour leaders to deny its truth. The action of their representatives at Hamburg is on record. The men whose names we have already given, together with other delegates accompanying them, definitely agreed to the formation of a new organisation, designated the "Sozialistische Arbeiter Internationale," which is to be under the absolute control of the executive committee referred to. The headquarters of this remarkable body are to be established in London, so that the omnipotent foreign executive with the one British member will be able to exercise speedy and convenient control over its slaves in the Commons. We can imagine Mr. Ramsay MacDonald at one end of the telephone, and Herr somebody, the authorised official at the other, telling him how he is to direct the British Labour Party to vote on any particular subject.

Will the British working man stand this humiliation? We doubt it exceedingly. But what we do not doubt is that no persons in the political life of this country ever better deserved to be pilloried than Mr. J. H. Thomas, Mr. Sidney Webb, Mr. Arthur Henderson, and the rest of the British Labour delegates who have brought such degradation upon their constituents.

On a Saying of Duse's

By Horace Shipp

" To save the theatre, the theatre must be destroyed."

It is Eleanora Duse's own *mot*, quoted by Gordon Craig in one of his treatises, and those of us who watched her performance in Ibsen's *Lady from the Sea* understood the meaning of her paradox. One of the younger generation to whom her name is a legend bringing no remembrance, I spent the prolonged period of waiting the rise of the curtain speculating upon the tussle between dessert and Duse which was bringing some of the audience in half an hour late, and incidentally wondering whether all the eulogy bestowed upon her was to be jusified.

The curtain rose to reveal everything one has fought against in the theatre. Scenery like an outsize oleograph, fussy and bitty stage decoration, costumes which if they conveyed anything at all brought *The Vicar of Wakefield* to mind, and acting of the variety which passes for nature in the theatre. There was also a prompter who sibilated the whole play one line ahead of the actors, so that we " Shr-r-red " him down, thinking him to be some garrulous stallite.

The theatre, one might have thought, must be destroyed.

Then Duse came, and one knew what the rest of her epigram meant. In three minutes on the stage she had taken us beyond the material surfaces of things into that hinterland of the mind and soul to which Ibsen himself leads us. In all his work there is a surface action—a stage story of human conflict; beneath this but indissolubly linked with it, a social significance; and, deeper yet, a psychic drama where human souls achieve self-realisation and self-knowledge. Duse led us straight to that innermost sanctuary of the play. Its surface meaning was discounted by her deliberate refusal of the illusion of make-up. That the frailly beautiful woman should be choosing between her stage-husband and her stage-

lover, that there should be any question of physical love, was from the first inconceivable. She stood

> " All breathing human passion far above,
> That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
> A burning forehead, and a parching tongue."

Equally, too, was she remote from the woman's rights aspect of the play, which reminds us that its date was 1888, and that Ibsen was a social reformer.

Duse's acting was essentially spiritual; her body a splendid symbol. Like fire, bodying forth in self-consuming flame, the torment of a soul was expressed in that ever-moving form; like the sea's self marvellously held in some crystal chalice we saw her, the innumerable currents of her moods made visible. Her gesture, her smile, her thousand poses—these were doors opening to inner meanings; never, in spite of their beauty, ends in themselves which held the mind fixed to their sensuous loveliness.

Watching that interplay of spiritual passion, one forgot alike the picture-postcard fjord against which she played, the merely adequate performance of her supporters. Duse had destroyed the theatre that the theatre might be saved.

The fineness of the play, too, comes from the same source. Ibsen, never forgetting the importance of his medium nor the necessity of perfecting the surface elements of his work, was, nevertheless, not primarily concerned with building up " theatre-pieces." The theatre was for him a means of expression, not an end. So his plays pass beyond the well-told story, and speak their mind upon the evolution of social thought and institutions. So his greater plays pass beyond this even, and become in the widest sense religious. His people are actors in a play, are expressions of social philosophy, are human souls probing the meaning of life through their individualities. The Master Builder, Old Ekdal, Ellida, Peer Gynt, Brand, lead us through the corridors of their personalities to some inner chamber where the mystery of life becomes clearer. Ibsen is not only dramatist, but symbolist and mystic; his work breaks across the artificiality of the nineteenth-century theatre as Duse's playing broke across the tawdriness of the stage set.

Thus one might have established the need of the theatre to escape from staginess were it not that at the

same playhouse the evening bill is filled by the Guitrys. Sacha Guitry's writings are essentially French and essentially theatrical. They set a problem for solution by acting; and his father, Yvonne Printemps and himself, with or without assistance, take the stage and offer a brilliant solution. The process is as intellectual, as formal and as self-contained as chess. It is as typical of the French theatre as the French theatre is typical of the national mind with its irreproachable form and irresistible logic.

Un Sujet de Roman has been hailed as a much deeper play than those we have hitherto had from Guitry. It remains, nevertheless, an affair of brilliantly manipulated puppets, elaborately solving a question which could never have arisen on the hither side of the footlights.

A writer of genius married to a woman of vulgar mind incapable of appreciating his work. She bullies and governs, and when a mental breakdown of her husband enables her to intrude her banality into the sphere of his work she plays havoc with his life achievement, publishing hack stuff under his name, blatantly asking for honours, and using her domination to break across their daughter's love match. He recovers and realises the position, sees it in cynical detachment as a subject for a novel, and, affecting still to be unbalanced, watches events. The wife is brought to a recognition of true values by discovering letters from his noted contemporaries hailing his powers, and thinking him still insane yet pleads for forgiveness. Shall he forgive? The problem to his mind is merely one of literary climax, and he casually decides to pardon.

Such is the theme, and in the hands of less capable players its unreality would creak to heaven. There is little action (the play was written for Bernhardt to act with Guitry after her accident rendered her lame), and the only *raison d'être* of the work is that subtle problem in histrionics. While Lucien Guitry held the stage one accepted without question that highly improbable theme. The studied inhumanity of his final consideration of the affair, the cynical detachment with which he casts the yearned-for pardon over his shoulder were amazing stage work.

On the evening when I was present, an accident to his knee rendered acting impossible to Sacha Guitry, and he

entertained his audience with anecdotes, interspersed with characteristically brilliantly *diseuse* work by Yvonne Printemps. The charm of her personality and her highly individualised and perfectly controlled art are hypnotic. She is French vivacity, lightness, and artifice incarnate.

If the social *élite* and those who can afford twenty-four shillings for a stall are indebted to Mr. Cochrane for the opportunity of seeing these distinguished foreign artists, Londoners who can afford up to three shillings are, or should be, grateful to that other man of the theatre, Mr. J. T. Grein, for establishing the People's Theatre at Mile End.

We are growing used to the decentralised theatre. At Hammersmith and King's Cross, at Hampstead and in the Waterloo Road our pilgrimages have been rewarded by productions of the first order. To Duse, for her transient revelation, we are eternally grateful, to the Guitrys for their annual visits, but if the English theatre is to hold its own, if English actors and actresses are to have a chance to learn their art and do their work, it must be in such theatres as these. That is an altruistic reason why we should go out to Aldgate (a quite accessible district, be it said); and the hedonistic one is that an excellent company are playing classics.

The venture at the Pavilion started with Masefield's translation of *The Witch*, and admirers of Ernest Milton would not willingly have missed the fine piece of emotional acting which the play afforded. *You Never Can Tell*, *Ghosts*, and *Therese Raquin* are in the repertoire. One hopes Mr. Grein will keep an open eye for new dramatists, so that his People's Theatre may fully achieve its function.

A new play every week, and always a great play: that is the Repertory Theatre ideal which creates actors and keeps the drama and the theatre alive. In such theatres, the Duses, the Bernhardts, the Irvings and Terrys learned their business; for such theatres the great dramas were written. Perhaps this method of breaking down the long-run theatre system is another method of theatre destroying and building. Sincerity in art is always destructive and creative, as art itself is destructive and creative of the life which it mirrors.

Music of the Month

By Francis Toye

At the Opera.

The British National Opera Company are beginning to deserve their title. In addition to an already respectable repertory, they have given us three British operas and promise us another, which unfortunately will not be produced in time for notice in the present issue. Holst's *The Perfect Fool* has already been dealt with; Ethel Smyth's *The Boatswain's Mate* is so familiar to the musical public that it needs no comment beyond a mere chronicling of the fact that it was produced—with a passing observation, perhaps, to the effect that the performance was not satisfactory, especially in the first act, and that, in any event, Covent Garden is too large for a work of so intimate and slight a character.

To some extent this is also true of Ethel Smyth's new opera, *Fête Galante*, produced on the same evening. There is not, however, the spoken dialogue which makes the unsuitability of *The Boatswain's Mate* in a large theatre obvious to the least experienced. Yet, essentially, *Fête Galante* is, perhaps, even more intimate than *The Boatswain's Mate*. Pierrot, Columbine, the moonlight and fantasy of a Watteau-like tragedy always suggest gossamer; their effect is apt to be lost in the wilderness of superfluous cubic feet. It is a great tribute to the charm of Maurice Baring's original story, as well as to the skill of the composer's own adaptation of it to the stage, that the effect was not lost altogether. The whole credit must go, I think, to the idea itself, for Maggie Teyte's production was quite undistinguished, and Oliver Bernard's scenery, though pleasant, was not striking enough to carry any great portion of the burden on its own shoulders. As a matter of fact, the libretto of *Fête Galante* is, in my opinion, exceptionally good; the particular twist given to the Pierrot theme saves it from con-

ventionality without sacrificing the perpetual charm associated with the Pierrot idea.

It is not altogether easy to give a fair impression of Ethel Smyth's music. I did not feel on a first hearing that it quite "came off." Yet it is beautifully done, carefully scored for the orchestra, effectively written for the stage. Obviously she has taken a great deal of trouble, and, when a composer of such acknowledged talents takes so much thought, it behoves the mere critic to walk warily. Nevertheless, candour forbids me to simulate complete satisfaction. Perhaps it is that the music lacks just those qualities of high imagination and fantasy that such a theme essentially demands; the infinite capacity for taking pains which Carlyle declared to be synonymous with genius does not help in such a case. Perhaps there is nothing Watteauesque in Ethel Smyth's personality. Or, if there is, perhaps she has not translated that particular aspect of her personality into terms of music. At any rate, I thought that the music failed somehow to produce the appropriate effect; it was admirable, it was poetical, it was sincere, it was everything in the world except "just right." And I fear that, ultimately, it is only that which counts.

While on the subject of opera, I should like to pay a tribute to one feature of the British Opera Company's performances in general. The diction of this company is excellent, and the diction of Robert Parker in particular, who is the most important member of it, is something more than excellent. When he sang "Hans Sachs" the other night in *The Mastersingers* it was possible to hear, literally, every word. I do not think that in a fairly extensive experience of opera in many countries I can recall a better, if as good, a pronunciation of an operatic text on any stage.

At the Handel Festival.

At the time of writing, the Handel Festival is not over. Enough has been heard, however, to justfy the bestowal of praise, for, in the opinion of those who have known the Festival in the past, the chorus has never been better and rarely as good. No excuse is needed for thus concentrating attention exclusively on the chorus, because in the singing of the chorus lies, in fact, the whole interest

of the Handel Festival. No soloist, however gifted, can ever be heard to advantage in the monstrous spaces of the Crystal Palace, and, so long as the playing of the orchestra is adequate, nobody bothers his head much about it. For this occasion only the orchestra resigns the primacy to which it has attained in contemporary music and assumes very much the functions of an accompanist at a ballad concert. All the purists, of course, condemn the whole idea of the Handel Festival, root and branch. They point out, with perfect justice, that Handel wrote for quite a small chorus and that the contrapuntal writing loses its effect when presented under such conditions. For my part, I agree with them only to some extent. The more delicate works, such as *Acis and Galatea*, do, I think, suffer from performance on this scale. It is undeniably exhilarating to hear three thousand voices, accompanied by a thousand instrumentalists, roaring a fugal description of "the monster Polypheme," but it bears no conceivable relation to the spirit of an eighteenth-century pastoral cantata. With the bigger works, such as *Israel in Egypt*, *The Messiah*, indeed, most of the oratorios, the matter is somewhat different. Doubtless they were not intended to be sung on such a scale, but the singing of them thus does provide a unique musical sensation, and I fancy that Handel himself would have enjoyed it as much as anybody. He was for ever striving after grandiose and massive effects, and the tubas and trombones added to the orchestra, the hundreds of violins, the thousands of voices are, in a sense, merely a logical development of the ideas of a composer who is said in his lifetime to have "sighed for a cannon," and who was caricatured as the apotheosis of noise and sensationalism. In short, the spirit of the choral writing, at any rate, in these works does not seem to be wholly out of keeping with the spirit of the Handel Festival.

Further, the Festival does real service by reminding the general public once in three years that Handel wrote other works besides *The Messiah*. Doubtless it would be preferable if these were presented in a less truncated form; doubtless mere "selections" from such masterpieces as *Alexander's Feast*, *Samson*, and *Jephtha* are far from satisfactory. Nevertheless, the general public, un-

acquainted, in all probability, with the more comprehensive labours of the Handel Society, may begin to guess from these programmes that Handel's output was almost as stupendous as his genius. Their curiosity once awakened, they may go further and learn that at his death he left, in addition to many volumes of miscellaneous work, no less than thirty-two volumes of operas and twenty-one volumes of oratorios. Some day they may even take one step more and demand to hear some of these totally unfamiliar compositions, for at present in England Handel is known practically by one work alone. It has been truly said that the composer of *The Messiah* is Handel's worst enemy.

At the Critics' Circle.

Those much, and sometimes justly, abused persons, the musical and dramatic critics of London gave a dinner the other evening, whereat Sir Thomas Beecham responded to the toast of music. In a very characteristic speech, Sir Thomas told us that music had never been in so parlous a condition. There were no composers worthy of the name either in England or elsewhere; there were hardly any singers, and the quantity of really capable orchestral players was noticeably less than at any time in his experience. In short, the only consolation he could find was that things seemed so bad that they could not possibly get worse.

For my part, I am not altogether sorry that somebody should have had the courage to be thus frankly pessimistic in public. Plenty of people have been saying something of the kind in private. Doubtless the correctness or incorrectness of such a lugubrious diagnosis is a matter of opinion, but it comes as a salutary check to the facile optimism of the times. There is a school of thought that christens every young man who treats the second as a concord a revolutionary genius; there is an undoubted tendency to consider every goose a swan and to think in terms of laudatory superlatives generally. Yet one thing seems clear enough. Music is in a state of flux comparable only to that which prevailed at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The romantic movement, which reached its apotheosis with Wagner, is on the decline and what shall definitely succeed to it is not yet established. All modern composers

are, in a sense, purely experimentalists. Probably some day a new Bach will arise to co-ordinate the experiments and fix once and for all the new idiom. But the time is not yet, nor, it may be said, scanning the musical horizon of Europe, is there any sign of the appearance of such an one. Nevertheless, I do not think that the fact that we are living in an age of experiment justifies pessimism, and it is at least encouraging that the modern British school of composition should be vital enough to be among the most prominent experimenters. Music may be unpleasant and unsatisfactory, but it is not dead. On the contrary, it is very much alive, and I doubt if there has ever been so large a proportion of the public interested in it.

Doubtless the loss of wealth occasioned by the war has lowered the general standard of musical performance in this country. Possibly many years will elapse before we can expect the niceties and refinements which we had come to take for granted and that can now be found only in the United States, where millionaires endow orchestras, and the greatest singers and players are gathered together with one accord. Nevertheless, if musical conditions in London are compared with those that obtained fifty or sixty years ago, it will be difficult not to recognise a distinct improvement, except, perhaps, in singing, regarding which, I confess, I find myself in complete agreement with Sir Thomas Beecham. Our composers are more numerous and more talented, enjoying greater appreciation both here and abroad; chamber concerts have improved both in quality and quantity; orchestral concerts are at least as good and far more frequent. Most important of all, perhaps, public taste for good music has greatly developed. A contemporary book of reminiscences, dealing with the subject, informs me, with a kind of surprised delight, that it is now (1871) possible to hear not only "bits of symphonies but entire works" at the ordinary orchestral concert, and that "Mozart nights and Beethoven nights and Mendelssohn nights" have been instituted, not without success. The miracle of one generation often becomes the commonplace of the next, and every summer our promenade audiences now take all these surprising innovations for granted.

Review of Investments

By Raymond Radclyffe

It cannot be said that the past month has been cheerful. Investors have apparently found money for good things, but to do this they have sold other securities, so that, although premiums have been established on such issues as Boots Drug Co. and the Austrian 6 per cent. Gold Loan, there has been a general slackness all through the markets. The plain truth is that people are frightened of the Continental position, and, as I said last month, until the Reparations question is settled, I cannot see how markets will recover. Those who have been allotted any Austrian Loan would do well to take advantage of the market and get out because the Loan merely relieves bankers and moneylenders, and its only advantage is that the money that Austria owed to big firms she now owes to a smaller investor. The financial position of that unhappy country does not seem very much better, and we have seen the kroner at 330,000, whilst the Polish mark tumbled to 450,000, the lei to 950, and all the other exchanges have been weak, whilst German marks completely beat all records, and as I write are about 800,000. These figures show what the exchange banker thinks of the European position. It is impossible to expect any recovery to be permanent, although in such a speculative market it is easy for the gambler to snatch profits on the bull tack. In my opinion there is only one way to save European credit, and that is for all the nations to meet in conference and write down their ridiculous War debts. Credit generally throughout the World is in a most dangerous condition. We are living in a "fool's paradise." The whole World is infinitely poorer than it was in 1914; nevertheless, on paper its wealth has increased many times and until this imaginary value has been written down we shall not get any solid trade or steady exchanges.

However, in Great Britain business is definitely better, and consequently our industrial market has felt the fall in values less than one might have expected. Prices are too high all round, but the trouble is that a seller of a good security cannot find anything in which to put his money.

I do not think that anyone should expect more than a fixed 5½ per cent. (subject to tax) on his investments, and therefore it seems to me that New South Wales 1922-32, South Australian 1930-40 and West Australian 1930-40 which give this yield might be bought. There is a certain risk, though I consider it a small one, in purchasing Japanese, but South Manchurian Railway Bonds, City of Tokio Loan, London issue, and City of Osaka 5 per cent. all give the required yield. Dutch East Indies Loan purchased in New York also gives 5½ per cent. and Egyptian Unified looks attractive, as I do not think there is any fear of financial trouble in this quarter.

Those who would raise their yield cannot do better than buy some of the best brewery shares such as Bass, Bristol Georges, Bristol United, Newcastle Brewery, North Eastern Brewery, Worthington, and Hall's, Oxford. Brewery shares have been considerably neglected because no one quite knows what the effect of the lowering of the duty will have upon profits.

Oil.

I write this before I have seen either Royal Dutch or Shell reports, but we know that the former has been compelled to reduce its dividend by 4½ per cent. and the latter by 5 per cent. Burmah, however, hold their dividend, but it should be noted that it only writes off £149,806 depreciation as compared with £1,247,687 in the previous year. I do not complain as Burmah has stringently written down in the past and may be excused on this occasion, but it is a bad precedent to set because no one knows better than the shrewd Scotch people who run Burmah that depreciation is the very essence of oil finance. However, a company that in a bad year can show a ratio of 13.9 per cent. to total assets and whose current assets exceed current liabilities by nearly seven and a half millions, may be considered in a strong posi-

tion. Nevertheless, I think Burmah shares too high, as the large sums spent upon exploration have failed to find anything. Shell, Royal Dutch and all other oil shares have been weak, it is said upon Continental selling, but the truth is that insiders know that quotations are too high and never miss a chance of getting out.

Industrials.

Lyons figures are remarkable. The profit of £631,816 is a record, and in spite of the assets having increased during the year by over a million and a half, the ratio of earnings is 6.78 per cent., which is a very fine figure, and has seldom been exceeded in the history of the firm. As creditors have increased £911,851, and the ratio of net quick assets to total assets has tumbled from 15.5 per cent. to 8.5 per cent., one is hardly surprised to find that the Board want more money and propose issuing a million 7 per cent. preference. The question everyone asks is, how long can the concern go on buying new buildings, opening new branches, and still make money enough to maintain the 25 per cent. dividend which is equal to 50 per cent. on the old shares? There must surely be some limit to the appetite of the public, and Lyons is not the only pebble on the beach, although I must admit it is the brightest. The management of this great enterprise is as near perfection as possible, but I think shareholders should now begin to watch the catering trade with a cautious eye.

Anglo-Argentine Trams increased their gross receipts by £252,378, whilst they reduced the working expenses to 71.39 per cent., consequently they are able after paying debentures to show £527,297 available for preference dividends. This is £223,650 better than the previous year. It will be remembered that last December holders of ordinary arranged with the second preference shareholders a deal whereby arrears for four years were satisfied in paper. These same second preference holders get arrears to end of 1918 in cash, and after paying this and placing £175,000 to contingencies and writing down investments, there is £12,829 to go forward. I notice that some papers point out that the figures would show a dividend on ordinary, but these optimists entirely

forget the extent to which a tramway company depends for its stability upon depreciation and the capacity to renew the road and rolling stock. Now Anglo-Argentine, including the £175,000 set aside this year, have only £544,644 total reserves, which is only 2.54 per cent. to fixed assets, a perfectly preposterous figure for a tramway company. The directors complain that the municipality refuse to extend the twelve cent fare. They do not tell us that Buenos Aires dislikes the Anglo-Argentine and does not consider that it keeps its roads in good order. The company is faced with the construction of a second subway which will certainly cost one or two millions. How can it obtain these funds? It has already issued over eleven and a half millions of debentures, and as it has not properly written down its fixed assets the security for a new loan seems vague. Money must, however, be obtained, for the current assets only exceed current liabilities by £271,886, a ratio of 1.23 per cent.! In my opinion a drastic reconstruction is the only thing possible.

Armstrongs made a profit of £467,550, which is a little better than last year, and allows them to maintain the dividend of 5 per cent. at the expense of the carry forward. The dividends called for £528,125, which is more than the earnings for the year. The ratio of earnings is only 3.23 per cent., and the ratio of net quick assets to total assets only 13.7 per cent. Some people prefer Armstrongs shares to Vickers, but this is not the opinion held in Newcastle-on-Tyne, where some financiers are pessimistic. I am not a believer in vertical combines, and I see no reason why the shares should be held except as an insurance against war, and it is probably an expensive premium to pay.

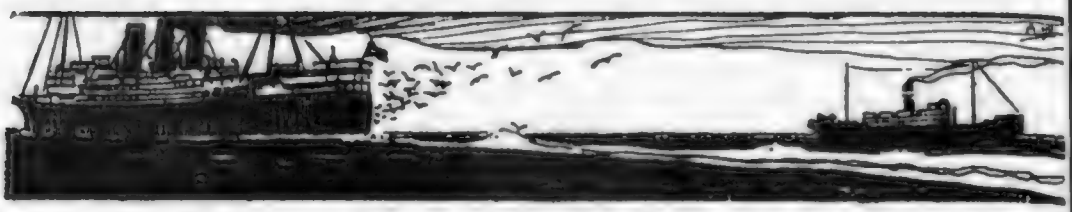
Canada.

The wail of the Grand Trunk will no doubt attract the sympathy of the soft hearted, but I must be brutally frank and say that badly as the Canadian Government have behaved I do not see that they had any choice in the matter. The feeling throughout Canada has always been that the Grand Trunk was badly run from beginning to end. I do not say it was worse than Canadian Northern.

Perhaps that is a moot point, but it was bad, and in face of the perfect organisation of Canadian Pacific, G.T. got on the nerves of the Canadians. Canada is over railroaded and underpopulated, thus the Government lines are a heavy burden on the taxpayer. There is only one solution to the difficulty, and that is, to hand them all over to C.P.R. if that shrewd corporation will take on the job.

Hudsons Bay report is disappointing for the profit has fallen from £520,453 to £346,781, with the result that the dividend tumbles from 45 per cent. to 19½ per cent., but there is a refund of income tax involving £65,000, which would have given another 8½ per cent. to the shareholders. Hudsons Bay shares tumbled heavily on the announcement, and the figures in the report are certainly not very good, for the profit on trading only shows a ratio of 0.46 per cent. to total funds employed, though the profit on fur shows a ratio of 12.5 per cent. I do not think anyone need be alarmed for the company is admirably managed, and has 2,804,517 acres of land in hand which are not brought into the balance sheet, and taking this land at $5 an acre and adding to it the assets set forth in the balance sheet and deducting liabilities, we get £7,191,298 net value of assets; and deducting preference capital £2,000,000 and adding land instalments to be received on land already sold £3,650,651, we arrive at £8,841,949 assets to represent £1,000,000 share capital. In my opinion this is a very conservative showing, and I strongly advise a purchase of Hudsons Bay on any drop on the market.

Owing to pressure on space the fourth and concluding article on "The Modern Home" is unavoidably held over till the next issue.—Ed.



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Books

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF SIR JOHN MOORE. By BEATRICE BROWNRIGG. Basil Blackwell. 6*s.* net.

GENERAL HALDANE observes very justly in his introduction to Mrs. Brownrigg's book that the general knowledge of Sir John Moore "begins and ends with the beautiful lines by Charles Wolfe," and, at the end of a modest panegyric, concludes: "To the rising generation of British officers I can give no better advice than that they should take him as the guiding star of their career and read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest everything they can regarding him." But Mrs. Brownrigg's book does not address itself primarily to military men. Begun as a family record—General Brownrigg, military secretary to the brave old Duke of York, was her husband's great grandfather—"it grew into a book"—a quite interesting book, too—but neither a military nor a personal history of the hero of Corunna; rather an intelligent digest

of existing books which leaves Sir John a figure still rather remote and legendary, in spite of many tantalising glimpses of a character and genius which invites a fuller understanding. Letters and despatches of the Napoleonic era need translation into terms of blunt sincerity, or a pretty voluminous commentary in the vulgar tongue, to make them quite convincing to our unceremonious minds, but one certainly gains some insight into the inveterate habit of politicians directing operations of which they are ignorant and embarking upon campaigns to ingratiate themselves with a fickle and foolish public. Sir John Moore, who had good friends and a fairly guid opeenion of himself was an ensign at fifteen, a lieutenant at eighteen, captain at twenty, M.P. at twenty-three, major at twenty-six, lieut.-colonel at twenty-eight, and brigadier at thirty-four, and in that comparatively short space saw service in America, Corsica, the West Indies, Ireland, Holland, Minorca, and Egypt, meantime reforming a good many Army abuses and initiating a new sort of soldier—the incomparable light infantryman. His final campaign in Spain and Portugal and all his correspondence with Castlereagh, more than all else point to this dreadful opportunism of a Government which was splendid at doing things too early or too late, but it reveals the high character and splendid military judgment of the General faced with impossible conditions. One would like more of the personal life of the man than is given in a scarcely hinted love affair; but this well-got-up book, with its map of the Peninsula and the good portraits, does as much as one can expect from any but the most voluminous record, and looks more like sixteen shillings than its remarkable six.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

PIOUS OPINIONS. By SIR CHARTRES BIRON. Duckworth and Co. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

IN these seventeen essays in literary appreciation, reprinted for the most part from *The National* and *Fortnightly Reviews*, Sir Chartres Biron lives up to the quoted definition of a Pious Opinion as one that "Faith may hold and the faithful may reject without heresy." We are, indeed, told that *The Newcomes* "is the test book of Thackeray's works. Every one should read it first—if you don't like it salvation is not for you"; and, of *The Tale of Two Cities*, that "it gave rise to the great Dickens heresy . . . that maintains it is his best novel." But generally, whether siding with the orthodox, who thank Boswell for "the most amusing biography in English," or supporting the heterodox view—in company with Macaulay, Dickens, Thackeray, Carlyle and the rest—that Marryat is "excellent reading," Sir Chartres Biron avoids the Athanasian gesture.

The field covered is a very wide one. English novelists are particularly well represented, since, in addition to Marryat, Dickens and "Mr." Thackeray, there are Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Wilkie Collins and Anthony Trollope. Evelyn is here, and Boswell-Johnson, and Sydney Smith, with Crabbe to stand for poetry, while France contributes St. Simon.

Household names, all of these. There is no straining after the appearance of deep research or subtle criticism, but the quotations are apt (if somewhat diminutively printed), and the subjects are treated with sympathy, and particularly with a humour that is spontaneous and delightful. Humour, indeed, seems to be the essayist's besetting virtue, since there is not one of his subjects who is not characterised as possessing that gift, or defended from critics who have denied to any that tonic quality.

Two of the papers have more recondite themes:—*Psalmanazar*, which tells of the pseudo-Formosan who hoaxed a whole nation and more, and *A Red-Faced Nixon*, which expounds Sam Weller's mysterious allusion. Two, again, have a professional flavour. *A Famous Magistrate* presents Henry Fielding, not only as the novelist, but as the fearless and far-seeing Bow Street reformer; while in *Dickens and the Law* the layman is somewhat surprised to learn that Skimpin and Nupkins, Traddles and Guppy are by no means overdrawn, that Mr. Justice Starleigh is "an admirable judge," and that the opening speech of Serjeant Buzfuz "is a gem of forensic oratory." Remembering Sir Chartres Biron's love of fun, the reader wonders. . . .

ON THE MARGIN. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. Chatto and Windus. 6*s*. net.

I FORGET the particular location by which a discerning critic discovered that Mr. Huxley is no essayist, but it was one of those sure indications—like pocketing a handkerchief instead of sleeving it which denotes the no-gentleman quality so unmistakably—"infalliable," as Barrie's policeman would say. Fortunately for Mr. Huxley, he is no essayist by the standard of iridescent decay, of lacelike phrase spinning, but by the less exacting measure of the days which embrace Bacon and Charles Lamb; when the idea was all, and mere felicity of language enough—so long as the individual view, scholarship, and humour were the ingredients—his title would have rested unquestioned. Call them turnovers, talks, appreciations, criticisms, or what you will, these papers were well worth collecting from their more ephemeral appearances in *The Athenæum*, *The Weekly Westminster*, and other English and American papers; there are twenty-seven of them in all, twenty-four arising from topics thrown up by passing events, accidental happenings, and odd reflections; the concluding three on Christopher Wren, Ben Jonson, and Chaucer being more serious critical studies because their subjects are not fresh matter, about which it is easy to have an opinion, but lives thumbed over until it needs unusual discernment to discover fresh lights and new aspects. In this, however, Mr. Huxley does not fail: these appreciations justify themselves by the same happy knack of the new angle, by the wit and wisdom which make the more fugitive pieces extraordinarily readable. Mr. Huxley's way of communication does not screw you down to mere æsthetic appreciation, but it opens windows upon a breezy and pleasant companionship, in which common things and critical points are blended into the sort of essays which it is a delight to read because they reflect a fresh and ingenious mind—not too good for human nature's daily food.

BOOKS

FICTION.

FANTASTICA. By ROBERT NICHOLS. Chatto and Windus. 7*s*. 6*d*.

MR. NICHOLS is confessedly a writer who despises art for art's sake; he has a message which he passionately desires to give, indeed he would count himself a trifler if not a traitor to the cause of letters and of liberty if his jam did not contain the precious medicament that alone makes the most exquisite confection worth while. In his pursuit of ultimate truth, through all the windings of the baffling labyrinth in which her loveliness is concealed, he will have the applause of those who regard the poet as the truest seer. Readers of this REVIEW at least will know that his parables are full of surprise, of wit, and of picturesqueness, for his *Sir Perseus and Andromeda*, in its first form, ran in these pages.

Fantastica is an arresting book, brimful of wit and invention, but leaning perilously towards exuberance; and although the considerable preface deprecates the need of prologue or epilogue as exposition of the author's meaning, it will be best not to neglect these first and last things in this instance.

CHILDREN OF MEN. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. Heinemann. 7*s*. 6*d*.

FROM *Children of the Mists* to *Children of Men*, the Dartmoor Cycle, which Mr. Phillpotts set before him as his abiding work, has broadened and deepened with the accumulating wisdom of years to the serious, almost solemn, kindliness of this concluding epic of simple humanity. The two big characters in this book, Jacob Bullstone, the man of passionate reserve—the Othello of this rural tragedy—and Judith Huxam, the proud, indomitable, Old Testament Christian, ruling by force of inflexible self-righteousness the lives and fates of her family—these two between them bring about a situation as strange and poignant between husband and wife as is to be found in any of the dark happenings of the Dartmoor Saga, whilst the tenderness, humour, and truth of the other players in this drama, with their speech illuminated by the delightful idiom of the West Country, and their minds working with the instinctive decency of primitive peasant stock, make a gallery of portraits done with real mastery and assembled with delicately deliberate art. Human passion in this book plays second fiddle to human thought. Love and pride, jealousy and religion move the pieces, but it is the metaphysic of perplexed humanity which is the real theme upon which the author has fixed his attention and, most perfect in this story, has succeeded in suggesting the beauty and pathos of little man measuring himself against the eternal verities and unriddling the great paradox of will and destiny in the shadow of the unchanging hills. A fine book, a worthy conclusion of a life's work. And now that the great task has taken shape and completion we look to Mr. Phillpott to give us the delight of his less marmoreal manner and possibly his greatest and most personal contribution to letters.

OUR MR. WRENN. By SINCLAIR LEWIS. Jonathan Cape. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

AFTER his panoramic *Main Street* and *Babbitt*, this little study of the adventures of a humble clerk in a New York novelty store enables

Mr. Sinclair Lewis to show us a bit of humoresque character drawing with the vital and fascinating quality of a brilliant sketch. Mr. Wrenn is a sort of Transatlantic Kipps, a lonely soul, in uninspiring surroundings, filled with dreams of travel and distinction. Like Kipps, he comes into money, but only a small amount, and starts timidly towards the realisation of his day-dreams. In a Bloomsbury boarding-house he is taken up by an extremely modern young woman, a cynical and disillusioned art student whose surviving spark of womanliness is for a moment kindled by Wrenn's innocent sincerity. With this girl "Istra" he sees something of Bohemian coteries in England, and there is a wonderful tramp in which these two recapture romance for the moment. This Istra incident ends in disillusion and homesickness, so Mr. Wrenn returns with widened horizons to his own circle and his former job. A final flash of the strange woman crystallises his true love affair and all ends happily. Istra, and her attitude to life, is a fine bit of work in a story which gains immensely by the external point of view. An altogether delightful story.

NINE OF HEARTS. By ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE. Constable. 6*s*. net.

THESE nine sketches are not love affairs in the common acceptance of the phrase—rather they concern those hearts of ours which may or may not be desperately wicked, but are assuredly desperately complex. Miss Mayne deals with that living stream of emotions and impulses which runs perpetually—an undertone too swift for words—behind all our doings and dealings. Unless a writer can suggest something of this, the breath of life is not in the creation; too much is mere morbidity. It is in the expression of the action and reaction in due proportion that Miss Mayne excels: the inner significance of the commonplace dramatises, in her hands, a meeting in a *café*, the deathbed of an aunt, a peacock embroidery—anything. The reaction of a starving Russia poster upon a party of diners is the most obvious of all her delicate tales, and "The Interlude for Death" is perhaps the best. All are surprisingly perfect, from the long thoughts of childhood to the most man-of-the-worldly. A treat for literary epicures is this *Nine of Hearts*.

POETRY AND DRAMA.

THE PLAYERS SHAKESPEARE. Vols. 1 and 2: Macbeth, The Merchant of Venice. Ernest Benn, Ltd. 4 guineas per volume.

WITH the publication of these exquisite reprints of the First Folio Messrs. Benn Brothers have brought the wheel of Shakespearean bibliography full circle. Not only is it the most appropriate manner of celebrating the tercentenary of the Folio, but it reforges that link between Shakespeare in the theatre and Shakespeare in the library which Heminge and Condell so splendidly cast in 1623. Practical men of the theatre, they saved the dramatist for literature, and now the importance of his place on the stage is insisted upon by this edition edited by that scholar of the theatre, Granville Barker, and that artist of the theatre, Albert Rutherston. Each play is given an introduction

by Granville Barker—" the sort of address a producer might make to a company on their first meeting," he says. It concerns itself, that is to say, with the general atmosphere of the play, with the problems of casting and the types of the characters, with all that appertains to its stage presentation. Mr. Rutherston has for each play appointed an artist interested in stage work, and they have decorated the volumes with their stage designs and conceptions of the characters and costumes Thus *Macbeth* is given over to the romanticism of Charles Ricketts, and *The Merchant* to the styleised fancies of Thomas Lowinsky. Only incidentally are they pictures and book decoration; they are stage designs just as the introductions are practical considerations of the plays from the producer's box rather than exegesis from the study table. It is excellent, too, to get back so near to Shakespeare's text, freed alike from the attentions of editor, manager, moralist, and commentator. As actual typography and book-production these volumes are beyond criticism; Messrs. Benn have again placed lovers of beautiful books and the theatre in their debt and have performed a national service in paying this tribute to Shakespeare and his first editors.

H. S

THE COCKPIT. THE FORCING HOUSE. By ISRAEL ZANGWILL. Heinemann. 7*s*. 6*d*. per volume.

IF any theatre existed where serious problem drama had a place—some People's Theatre such as Romain Rolland dreamed—Zangwill's dramas would find their place there. Questions of race, of nations, of religion, of economics, he can present dramatically, with all the insight into character, the humour and epigram which we associate with his manner as writer and speaker. These plays continue the analysis of current affairs which started with *The Melting Pot*. To that study of race problems in America he has now added its tragic counterpart in Europe under the title of *The Cockpit*, and a further play dealing with the question of Bolshevism. If one quarrels at all with these plays it is that they are, both in matter and manner, a little too deliberate, and, for all their strong situations and melodramatic power, they have a certain icy slickness born of the analytic brain. Played, they would become more breathingly human; in book

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form they are valuable as a statement of their respective problems with the concentration and economy of means peculiar to drama.

THE SECRET AGENT. A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS. By JOSEPH CONRAD. Privately printed for subscribers only. T. Werner Laurie. 63*s.* net.

THE magnificent craftsmanship of this book—its format, paper, type, binding (just modest half vellum, heavy-weight, hand-made, uncut), a fine fount, and ink of the best—is like a patent of literary nobility, a recognition which Conrad richly deserves This is the sort of book that the gentleman from New Zealand, after he has sketched the ruins of the cold storage, may find intact amongst the wood-pulp dust of the British Museum—to say nothing of the competition amongst bibliophiles which it will awaken in a nearer future. But why this particular work for this particular treatment? The " grey paper and blunt type " of Browning's " scrofulous French novel " would be the fitting medium, surely, just the touch of deliberate Sordor to complete the illusion. *The Secret Agent* is expanded police news, done by the acutest mind alive. There was a futile attempt upon Greenwich Observatory, one seems to remember, with a Casabiancad corpse, and, if you look at the fine portrait in the book, you will see that brain at work behind the triangular eyes thinking it all out, so logically and so clearly, that its realism is exactly life-size in its dispassionate exactitude or, if not dispassionate, with only the cold passion of intellectual contempt. Extraordinarily interesting, yes, but in a play you need somebody to love or to hate, or at least to wonder at, and as a written document *The Secret Agent* has none of these things. The defective boy whom the sister loves and for whom she half sacrifices herself—this central, motiving figure needs Conrad's descriptive interpretation—ah, how splendidly he could do it—or a player of superhuman power to make one care tuppence about his fate.

A cruder mind could not have resisted the temptation to make the heroine a veritable lily of Holywell Street instead of an acquiescent and rather calculating young woman. Conrad must go to the Grand Guignol and Old Drury and learn the road to dramatic success—fancy doing the assassination off—he's as bad as Sophocles. But, quite seriously, England is not up to this standard yet, and the worst of it is that nothing short of a *Comedie Française* cast could begin to do justice to a cumulation effect of tenseness dependent upon perfect character impersonation and the subtlest of reflections and gestures, whilst in leaving these to the player the author has omitted the living essence of Conrad. It is to be hoped that the publisher will do *Youth* or *Lord Jim* in this *Ære perennius* manner, or, indeed, an entire edition of the works, for " the play," this time, is not " the thing."

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